

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Coming Antony and Cleopatra—Cazauran's Many-Sided Character—Genius, Vagabond, Scholar—An Epitome of the Habits and Attainments of a Remarkable Bohemian Now Nearing His End—The Advantage of Having No Nerves—The Safety of Knowing and the Danger of Feeling—The Work of Two Young Comedians Contrasted—The Lustrous-Eyed Hour of the South and other People.

I should not be surprised if Kyrie Bellew made a vivid, clear-cut, original Antony.

He is a studious, painstaking artist with a most admirable sense of the dignity, the worth and the possibilities of his profession.

And these are qualities which to-day ought to command our respect.

Kyrie Bellew has what the English people call temperament.

If you look at a lot of blades there will be one with a subtle, elusive, but unmistakable hue. The blue gleams of its surface somehow tell you it will bend double without breaking. It is not unwieldy, nor heavy, nor broad, nor pretentious.

But lurking in it are the true "ice brook" qualities of the Damascus weapon.

Well, that is temperament.

Men show it in their metal.

Bellew amazed me not a little the other day by going over the play of Antony and Cleopatra. He amazed me by the amount of patient, reverent work he had done on the play. I had not taken him for the reflective, assiduous student. I was charmed by his knowledge and his true instinct.

One takes a quick breath at the idea of the dainty Mrs. Potter putting on the Coptic magnificence of Cleopatra. There can be no question of ambition in this. It is an Icarian flight.

It was one of Cazauran's long dreams to have Clara Morris play Cleopatra. He talked it for ten years. "She had," he said, "the Coptic eyes. She seemed to have come out of one of those tombs at Karnac."

It was the dream of a well known manager to have Rose Eytinge do it. Ah, there was the tropic chance! In the prime of her regal beauty and affluent passion she could have restored the tempestuous heroine of the Nile.

I often wondered if that had not been one of her dreams, too.

What a strange paradox life is! When you think of her in after years, sitting clothed in her own melancholy on the banks of the Nile, many of her fondest dreams wrecked by a misalliance—sitting there the wife of an American consul, where the atmosphere is musky with the incensed dust of countless generations—you cannot help wondering if the old pictures of ambition and hope came back and made the reality more gorgeous and sad.

I mentioned Cazauran's name. That turns my pen aside.

Besides I am fresh from his invalid chamber, and I cannot help reflecting upon the remarkable career of the man.

Of course you know him as playwright, stage director and in some sort theatrical manager, for he has been prominent for at least fifteen years in most of the enterprises of Mr. A. M. Palmer, but it is doubtful if you know him as he is—the typical Bohemian—perhaps the last of the class of men who some years ago formed a distinct coterie of lawless intelligence in this city.

In this character he is unique and interesting. It is doubtful if you will find another personage just like him outside of Paris.

Try and imagine a man whose home has always been a hotel, whose festive board is in the *café*, whose friends are the ever-shifting Arabs of the theatrical desert, who is nearly eighty years old, whose ideas of life have been insensibly formed by the continual observation of its circumference, who has exhausted all its dramatic possibilities without caring much for its ethical actualities.

Picture to yourself a little, swarthy, doubled up man in an invalid chair, who never drank a glass of water in his life when he could get anything else, and is now dying from too much of it—this elemental Nemesis making him feel like one of those convicts who in old times they fastened to a stake out at sea and let the tide slowly overwhelm them.

That is Cazauran—clear eyed, unperturbed, every faculty in good working order; the in-

domitable organization that had starved in a garret, slept hungry in the park, feasted in Delmonico's, rotted in Castle Thunder. Genius, vagabond, scholar. At one time a priest, at another a pauper. Now a refugee, and now a royal host dispensing Chateau Yquem. Loaded with chains and shot at, hunted from State to State, grubbing here and commanding there; with a dauntless intellectual restlessness, willing to write editorials or plays. At one time in the reporters' gallery in Congress, at another editing a Brooklyn paper. Equal to the Suratt trial or the Beecher trial. With no more idea of the value of money than a Muscovy duck, making a prodigious quantity of it and never having any. With a memory like Macaulay's and an inventive faculty like Munchausen, he knew all facts but seldom used them, except to convict somebody of ignorance. Trained for the church, he probably violated every ecclesiastical canon, but preserved through all

When Mr. A. M. Palmer made him his adjutant then commenced the theatric career. He must have done a prodigious amount of work in the Union Square Theatre. We heard of him making *The Banker's Daughter* and a double score of other plays whose literary fathers consigned them to him as to a foundling asylum. We heard of him rehearsing and managing companies in the West, receiving royalties, getting a salary, and now and then writing a play himself, but always declaring to everybody but the person who wanted it written that he was only an adapter, not a maker.

But nobody ever heard of him becoming provident or independent. In all his vicissitudes and triumphs he was the ingrained Bohemian—living for to-day; willing to empty his pockets at any moment for a friend or a dinner; retaining just enough intellectual vanity to triumph in a dispute or to get a re-

sits there in his chair in the Hotel Dan resting, let us kindly say, after an unexampled life of vicissitudes. Not a faculty is disturbed. Physically a wreck, he is intellectually a puzzle to his doctors and a wonder to the theatrical friends who call to see him.

I don't think I ever saw such a domination of mind over matter as he presents. His own words to me were in substance these: "My liver is completely indurated and the action of my heart is so uncertain that I cannot lie down. I have had a paralytic stroke and my kidneys are gone."

But he discussed the political situation; canvassed the effect of the yellow fever on the theatrical business in the South; knew all the plays that had been recently produced in London and Paris; had read "Robert Elsmere" and "The Story of an African Farm," and watched his own varying physical symptoms with a grim equanimity.

drummer. He is too intent on making the part ridiculous to make it good.

Mr. Sothorn, in Lord Chumley, is a good example of what can be done with a comedy character, if the actor doesn't forget his duty to the part. Of the two characters, Mr. Drew's is the more conspicuous and preposterous, and Mr. Sothorn's is the more artistic.

I have elsewhere spoken admiringly of the manner in which Olive Grey is played in *A Legal Wreck* by Miss Vane. The merit of this performance is its resolute subordination to the interest of the playwright. From first to last it moves humanly, unobtrusively and plaintively, leaving an impression not of bits, but of a completed, rounded and unforced experience.

It is difficult to make your purely theatric artist understand how great a merit this is. I doubt if any but the Germans thoroughly appreciate it and try to realize it in their impersonations.

Don't understand me as furnishing forth laudation of Miss Vane. She had done a good deal of work hitherto, but it has not come under my eye, and I don't know that it was good or bad or indifferent. I only know that in *A Legal Wreck* she supplements a pretty story with a simple charm of naturalness that is rare.

One gets so tired of the overwrought. The stress of endeavor obtrudes so and we are so continually trying to convince ourselves in spite of the actors that art is not a series of shocks, but a sustained illumination.

We never cheer a sunset or get up complimentary resolutions for good health.

I suppose you have looked at Mrs. Dimpfel, the lustrous-eyed houri of the South. Well, Mrs. Dimpfel's place may be on the bills but it is not on the stage.

Such maddening loveliness as hers should be screened from public gaze. There was one merit in her announcement—it didn't say anything about her acting, nor did anybody else. She stood squarely on her beauty, and a woman who cannot act may be allowed that pedestal.

Before I write you again you will have had a look at *The Quick or the Dead* and the ever sweet Clayton.

In spite of every effort it was impossible to get Mrs. Rives-Chanler to say a word about the play. The only admission hustled out of her by a *Mail and Express* reporter was that she was sorry they had dramatized her story—she was sure they would misconceive it.

It would be funny if they improved it, wouldn't it? which, by the way, they would have to do, to make it actable.

The whole thing as she wrote it was a cast of passion undraped, but, in a dramatic sense, without lock, stock or barrel.

I am curious to know how the lambent Clayton will put her sweetness and light into the stormy temperament of Barbara.

Sweetness and light is sometimes only a penny candle in a candy temple.

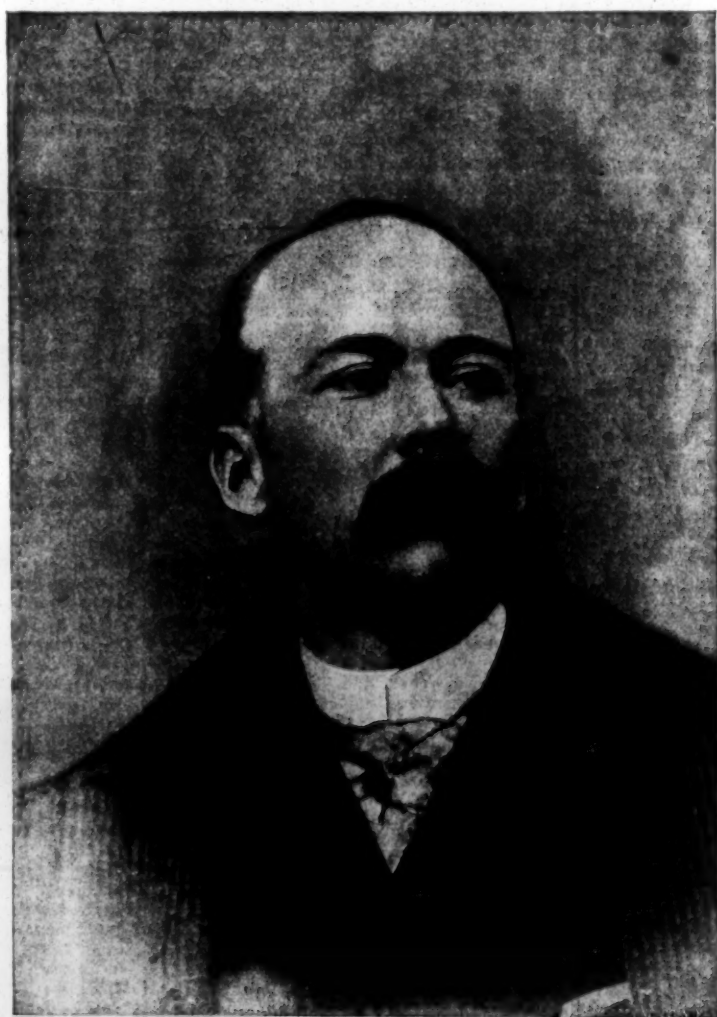
But the prodigious vogue of Rives' book ought to whet curiosity—and has.

Some one told me yesterday that Steele Mackaye had engaged the voluptuous Miss Montague to play Diane in *Paul Kaurar* (which will presently be packing the Grand Opera House).

I don't believe it; do you? Why should he engage Montague when such women as Dimpfel can be got in the South? NYM CRINKLE.

Blocked Their Little Game.

William Gillette is as astute as most dramatic authors, and those who wish to get the better of him usually have to rise with the matutinal milkman or other early bird. The rights for the publication in England of his novel, "A Legal Wreck," are fully reserved by him, and the book is now on sale there. A Canadian publisher, however, wrote to Mr. Gillette, some time ago, stating that he was getting the book under way and offering the author the munificent royalty of a penny on each book if he would send his stereotype plates to the Kanuck publishing house. The author peremptorily declined this offer, and stated the terms on which he would permit his work to be published in Canada. His proposal was rejected, but the firm across the lakes sent him final advices that they had got plates and would print his novel on Sept. 10. Mr. Gillette let the matter drop until two days prior to the announced Canadian publication, when he serenely notified the Kanucks of his copyright in England. This bombshell in the hostile camp was answered with numerous telegrams of a very conciliatory character offering to accept the terms they had previously declined. The dispatches proved unavailing, however, and the Canadians are sighing for commercial union with the contiguous republic.



JOSEPH ARTHUR.
AUTHOR OF THE STILL ALARM.

a curious stolidity of theistic belief, and made the *café* often ring with polemics in the height of a revel.

The first time I ever saw him was years ago on the *World* when it was under Manton Marble's control. He was employed by Mr. Croly to do some reporting work. He was smothered with black lead, for he had been sharpening pencils for Lours. He looked like a stoker. He was shabbily dressed and had a slouching manner. I should have passed him by had he not come to me to make an inquiry, and I found he was employed on a review of some ecclesiastical discussion then going on. He had not talked five minutes before I found that he knew the whole subject backwards, as we say. Barely out of the turmoil of the war, wrecked by its fortunes, he sat down there and wrote a series of articles that touched with clear historic acumen the whole orbit of the discussion.

tainer; never knowing or caring what the morrow would bring for him until the morrow came.

Never known to be intoxicated, he consumed reservoirs of wine. With a singular contempt for the elegancies of language he held deeper thinkers than himself with his stock of knowledge. Coarse in his expression, he was critical to severity in his thought. He knew the historic drama by heart, and he had the wits of the Restoration and the poets of the Renaissance at his tongue's end. Jibed and sneered at by actors and managers, he was courted and flattered when they wanted a place or a play. Linguist and Latinist, he wrote Saxon with an old school terseness and force.

This remarkable man, so long a familiar and unmistakable figure on the Rialto—who is known to the dramatic profession and to newspapermen from Marblehead to Matanzas—

Here, let me observe, is one of the advantages of not having any nerves.

I never saw this King of Bohemia exhibit any, and I don't think he felt any. He defies them yet.

You would naturally pardon a man like me for admiring this condition. If we could all shake ourselves clear of our emotions we'd stay longer. Knowing never killed anybody. It is feeling.

Let me pass from this subject to say that I am not fascinated by Mr. Sidney Drew's performance of *A Legal Wreck*. The play is a pretty affair and he is very conspicuous in it, but the conspicuousness does not commend itself to me with artistic relish. Rattle-bang volubility is amusing, but Mr. Drew had drawn for him a legal type of over-sanguine, self-conceited, impudent but intelligent young lawyer, and he makes him a farcical young

At the Theatres.

WINDSOR THEATRE—HER HUSBAND.

Paul St. Vincent, W. A. Whitecar, Col. Lee, Luke Martin, Dr. Lieder, Chas. Iwood, Lawyer Lester, E. L. Walton, Pete Jackson, Thomas Meehan, Sergeant, James Fields, Cecile Hayes, Louise Muldener, Jane Jinks, George Reynolds, Mrs. St. Vincent, Mrs. Anna Wallace Britton, Marjory Lee, Florine Arnold, Mrs. Hastings, Florine Arnold.

Florine Arnold, in Her Husband, made her metropolitan debut as a star before a large and appreciative audience at the Windsor on Monday night. The story of the play has been related in our columns. It was written by Annie Lewis Johnson.

Some of the scenes are laid near Charleston, S. C., but the apparent reason for locating them there is not actually borne out by the development of the plot. The pivotal point of the piece is a secret marriage, but as the dramatic story is unfolded it now here appears that the husband, who has become separated from his girl wife through a chain of circumstances which controlled him, expresses the least desire to amend the statutes of South Carolina, which is the only State in the Union that has no divorce law. On the contrary, the hero loves his lost wife devotedly. Probably the author meant to provide for a contingency which does not arise, as on the eve of the hero's wedding another, disclosures are made, a rival and adventuresome meets her just fate in being unmasked, and the girl-wife, who in the lapse of six years has become a successful prima donna, and subsequently, by a turn of fortune, a wealthy heiress and society leader in New York, is reunited to her husband.

The piece is devoid of strong local color racy of the South, and as the question of divorce, against which South Carolina has set her seal, does not enter into it, the scene of action is without geographical limits. A choleric old Southern colonel on the banks of the Ashley can find his counterpart in a gouty but jolly old major on the banks of the Hudson, and the whole movement of the piece could be shifted here without the least detriment to the play as now produced. Without poaching on the preserves of plays of the Uncle Tom class, some *genre* bits could be very effectively introduced in the Southern part of this piece, and notably in the opening act. The story told by the play absorbs the interest of the audience throughout its dramatic narration, but its most conspicuous weakness is the anti climax to the third act, the curtain merely falling on the heroine who has sat down, wrapped in meditation. To be sure, the sorrows of a wronged and beautiful woman always appeal to our chivalry, but Niobe herself, merely posing, would fail to be interesting as the only figure on the stage at the close of the third act of an intensely quiet drama.

The star, as Marjory Lee, carried the play and won a well merited success. She received scene and curtain calls in every act, and was thoroughly in the sympathy and hearts of the audience from beginning to end. Her work was careful and conscientious, and had that charming self-confidence and grace of manner born of experience. She dressed the part with exquisite taste, if exception may be taken to the second act, where she appears in a mourning robe-de-chambre, which inadvertently simulates the robes worn by nuns and sisterhoods.

As Paul St. Vincent, Mr. Whitecar ably supported the star. The part is not one calculated to show a leading man to advantage, but Mr. Whitecar got out of it all that was possible. Luke Martin scored a hit as the testy and gouty Colonel Lee. E. L. Walton did some clever character work as Lawyer Lester. Thomas Meehan, in black face, as Pete Jackson, divided his talents almost equally between the gallery and the lower part of the house. Louise Muldener, the leading lady of the company, gave an admirable portrayal of the adventuresome Cecile Hayes. George Reynolds scored heavily as Jane Jinks, and Mrs. Anna Wallace Britton was very capable as Mrs. St. Vincent.

Next week, Hardie and Von Leer in another of Annie Lewis Johnson's plays, On the Frontier.

The Silver King was performed on Monday night at the Grand Opera House by an exceptionally good cast. The title role was undertaken by Carl Haswin with a versatility and dramatic force which brought the text into a vigorous light and shade. It was a highly finished and intense dramatic portraiture. The next in order of merit, when age, the work of the part and the natural talent displayed are taken into consideration, was the thoroughly natural yet strongly defined acting of Cissy Denver by a sweet little tot named Marguerite Fields, who was several times greeted with warm applause. Two other children displayed marked stage ability—Dot Clarendon, who was very pleasing as Mabel, and Master Campbell Mowat, who filled the dual roles of the Newsboy and Ned Denver. Charles Foster's performance of old Coombe was masterly and replete with elaborate detail. The audience called the actor before the curtain and then hissed the character. Another very meritorious impersonation was the Herbert Skinner of Wilton Lackaye, whose sang-froid and stage repose were reminiscent in some respects of the methods which built up the fame of Lester Wallack. Raymond Holme's Henry Corkett was spirited and clever; the Cripps of M. B. Sawyer, too, must not be overlooked. John Archer, while displaying much effective skill in the part of Geoffrey Ware, yet somewhat

discounted an otherwise good performance by a certain stiffness and crudity.

Grace Thorne, as Nellie Denver, looked charming and acted well throughout, though it may be thought that in the last scene of the third act she scarcely had an adequate idea of the spirit of the scene. The business places her in the position of a starving woman with a very sick child, liable to eviction on a Winter's night. All the surroundings are those of crushing misery. Miss Thorne scarcely rose to the possibilities of vivid contrast this situation affords. Jaikes, the old servant, was played by J. Sutherland in some parts quite touchingly. Some admirable comedy acting took place in the exterior scene of the Chequers (inn, in which Harry Gwynette as Parkyn, the parish clerk, B. Schoolcraft as Binks, and P. Trimble as Jennings were noticeably clever. George Farren played Sam Baxter, the detective, with little of the stage conventionality of that class of role. S. Pitt gave a strongly-defined sketch of the tipsy railway passenger, and Maurice Pike's land lord, Tubbs, was another effective bit of nature. Miss L. T. Hill was comic as the waitress of the Chequers, and praise is due to Rose Snyder, Mrs. Thropp and Mrs. Alexander in their small parts. The Olive Skinner of Helen Cooper Parr was artistic, if somewhat cold.

Next week Clara Morris will appear in Renee de Moray, Article 47 and The New Magdalen.

At the Third Avenue on Monday night J. C. Stewart drew a packed house to see The Two Johns. In the piece he was assisted by a company of more merit than is usually found. Among its members are Paul Dresser, as the "other John," J. C. Stewart Jr., as Sir Frederic, a prototype of Lord Chumley; James S. Edwards, Kate Norman, Minnie Galloway, Hannah Holdsworth, Victoria North, and Nellie Van Anken. With song and dance and innumerable funny situations the evening passed quickly, and the piece was voted a success by the entire house. Next week, Corinne.

Passion's Slave, as given by T. H. Winnett's company, drew a large audience to the Thalia Theatre on Monday night. The piece was well staged, and the leading roles were in capable hands. O. H. Barr as Manuel Defoe carried off a portion of the glory, while the rest was well earned by Abbie Pierce as Mamie Briscoe. Other members of the cast were Julius Scott, W. H. Whedon, Lizzie Fletcher and Laura Clairon, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably. Next week, Over the Garden Wall.

Kate Claxton began a week's engagement at the People's on Monday evening in The World Against Her. A large audience was present and generously applauded the many strong situations in the piece. Miss Claxton is a great favorite with the East-siders and she was called before the curtain after every act. The company is well balanced. Next week, A Dark Secret.

There is a capital bill on this week at Dock-stader's, in which the best of the old features and some attractive and amusing new ones are combined.

The management seems to like the word "improbable" in connection with Mr. Buchanan's comedy, Fascination, and so it has been permanently tacked to that piece for descriptive purposes. The incredulous may think that the claims of success are improbable, too, but it is a fact nevertheless that Miss Tanner and her performance are liked by a good many people, and the Fourteenth Street is doing quite a rushing business with this attraction.

Roland Reed has had a successful engagement at the Bijou in The Woman Hater, and when he finishes there on Saturday night he may find satisfaction in reflecting that he has added many friends in the public to his circle. On Monday next Marietta Nash will succeed Mr. Reed, appearing in Katti, the Family Help. Miss Nash is a bright little soubrette, who acts with great vivacity and dances like a fairy. The piece is new and its merits have yet to be tested in New York, but good reports precede it.

Nadji's nights are numbered at the Casino, where large houses continue to enjoy the operetta and the new features which from time to time have been added to its manifold attractions.

Philip Herne will take leave of the Fifth Avenue on Saturday, continuing its metropolitan career next week at the Standard. The business has picked up slowly but steadily. When Manager Hill is running the whole thing himself—as he will at the Standard, where he rents—we may expect to see something done to let people know of the existence of the play. Estelle Clayton will, on Monday night at the Fifth Avenue, bring out the anonymous dramatic version of "The Quick or The Dead," for which event we are told extensive preparations are making.

The Paymaster has made its way sturdily into public favor. The Star has held some large houses during its two weeks' stay there, which closes on Saturday evening. Mr. Harrison has achieved commendation as a manly

and virile actor. Next week at this theatre the latest comedy success, Zig-Zag, will be presented.

Boccaccio will run to the close of the McCaull Opera company's engagement at Wallack's, the Coquelin-Hading combine beginning there on Oct. 8. The tinsel operetta is drawing large houses.

Waddy Googan is a great go at Harrigan's. The piece, particularly in the opportunity it affords the author-actor for an effective display of his versatility, is worthy of the hearty commendation it is receiving on all hands.

A Legal Wreck is still enjoying a large measure of popularity at the Madison Square Theatre. On Monday next the fiftieth performance will be marked by the presentation of tasteful souvenirs.

Lord Chumley has literally caught the fancy of the town. The Lyceum was never resorted to by greater numbers of people. The piece goes with an almost uninterrupted laugh.

William Warren.



William Warren, the celebrated comedian, died on Friday last at his home in Boston after an illness of several weeks. He was nearly seventy-six years of age, and his death, which was said to be due from a brain disease, was almost painless. His funeral took place on Monday from Trinity Church, Boston, the Rev. Phillips Brooks officiating. H. A. McGlennen, of the Boston Theatre, acted as chief usher, while the principal mourners were Mrs. J. B. Rice, of Chicago; Mr. Warren's sister, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Dunlap, Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Mrs. Orson Smith and Emma Marble, nieces of Mr. Warren, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and their sons, Charles and Joseph. Among those present were Dr. Oliver, Wendell Holmes, Annie Clarke, Mrs. Lawrence Barrett, Mayor O'Brien, Eugene Tompkins, Benjamin E. Woolf, George C. Howard, Nat Jones, C. W. Coudock, R. M. Field, Henry E. Dixey, Wemyss Henderson, E. L. Davenport and D. J. Maginnes. The interment was at Mount Auburn Cemetery.

William Warren came of a family of actors. His father, William Warren, the elder, made his debut as Norval, in Chippendale, England, 1783 and forty-nine years later, the son made his debut at Philadelphia in the same part. He was born in the latter city on Nov. 17, 1834. In the Spring of 1841 Mr. Warren appeared in New York, and in the Autumn he became the leading comedian of the Eagle Theatre, Buffalo. In 1845 he paid a brief visit to England for pleasure, and there appeared at a benefit to Mrs. Coleman Pope, at the Strand Theatre, in London, playing Con Gormley in the Vermonters. This was his only appearance in England. On returning to America he was at once secured by the lessees of the new Howard Athenaeum, where he opened on Oct. 5, 1846, as Sir Lucius O'Rigger in The Rivals. From that time until several years since, when he retired permanently from the boards, Mr. Warren only left the Boston stage for a brief year, which was devoted to a starring tour.

The following season he was added to the Boston Museum company, and here he at once took the place that he held for so many years—the acknowledged favorite comedian of the city. On the occasion of his first appearance at the Museum—Aug. 23, 1847—the bill was a double one and he appeared as Billy Lackaday in Sweethearts and Wives, and as Gregory Grizzle in My Young Wife and Old Umbrella. From 1847 to 1883 Mr. Warren played with but the one exception already alluded to with the Museum company, and in that period acted nearly 600 parts and gave upwards of 13,000 performances. The starring venture mentioned was under Henry C. Jarrett's management and occupied the season of 1864-5. The Warren Orton Comedy combination was the title of the organization, and it made a tour of all the leading Western cities, meeting with eminent success.

On Oct. 28, 1882 a semi-centenary testimonial was given to the veteran actor. He appeared both afternoon and evening. At the close of that season Mr. Warren retired from the boards of the Museum and from the stage. He was never married. His will gives his library, manuscripts, etc., to his sister, Mary Ann Rice. Miss Fisher, at whose house he boarded, gets his furniture in the Bulfinch Place rooms and \$3,000 in money. Emma Marble and Sarah Jefferson, his nieces, are left \$5,000 each. The silver loving cup is bequeathed to Joseph Jefferson. Emma B. Dunlap, a niece, receives a silver salad bowl, given Mr. Warren by the Museum company, and the silver pitcher given him by the Boston Theatre company. The residue of the estate goes to the decedent's brother, Henry Warren, and his sister, Mary Ann Rice.

Waddy Googan's Successful Run.

"Waddy Googan is the biggest money success of any play Mr. Harrigan has ever written," said Mart Hanley to a MIRROR reporter yesterday, "and the business now

doing at the Park is simply phenomenal, surpassing that of any play ever put on here.

"The demand for seats from adjacent cities is very large, while not a week passes that I do not arrange for five or six theatre parties. Although Mr. Harrigan has his new Irish drama written, we can give no definite idea as to the date of its production, for the reason that Waddy Googan will run up to the holidays. If not into the Spring."

Gossip of the Town.

Louise Searle is disengaged. Peter Blow sailed for Europe last Saturday on the *Aurania*.

Fanny Francis will be in The Katti, opening at the Bijou on Monday night.

Held by the Enemy will be presented at Palmer's Theatre on Oct. 29.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera will be produced in London on Oct. 3.

The Masonic Temple Theatre, at Louisville, Ky., has November and October dates to fill.

Manager J. O. Milsom, of the Theatre Vendôme, Nashville, Tenn., has dates open in October.

Gustave Amberg's German Opera company will appear at the Star the week beginning Oct. 22.

W. B. Richardson has been engaged as stenographer and private secretary with J. W. Rosenquest.

Annie Pixley is to make a tour of the South this Winter, traveling in a special Pullman car, christened "Miss."

Joseph Adelman is engaged as leading man with Floy Crowell. They are playing a classic and romantic repertoire.

The Boston Quintette Club, with Anne Carpenter as the prima donna, will give one of their concerts in this city this season.

James Nugent has engaged for The Fugitive, through the Actors' Fund Agency, Ralph Delmore James F. Hagan and James Wallis.

The sale of seats for the first production of The Quick or the Dead at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday begins to-day (Thursday).

Robert McWade will produce a new dramatic play with a strong character role for himself at one of the Broadway theatres in November.

Two of the balcony boxes of the Casino are to be taken out shortly and more seats put in. Two seats are also to be added at the back of the orchestra.

Charles Erin Verner, it is claimed, is meeting with marked success in the legitimate Irish drama T. H. Winnett, 50 Union Square, is his representative here.

The back seats of the upper circle of the Lyceum Theatre, which formerly sold for fifty cents, have been reserved, and during the run of Lord Chumley will sell for \$1.

The *Sun* says that Zig Zag was written by Frank Dumont, the minstrel. Frank Tannehill Jr. is the author of the farce, which originally bore the title, A Bar of Soap.

The members of Fanny Davenport's La Tosca company are called at Klaw and Erlanger's at noon on Tuesday, Oct. 2. The season begins at Rochester on Oct. 15.

Commencing with Wednesday next, there will be regular Wednesday matinees of Lord Chumley at the Lyceum Theatre to accommodate the overflow, as the houses are crowded nightly.

Edward Fuller's book, "The Drama's Year," will soon appear. The publication has been slightly delayed in order to bring out the English and American editions simultaneously.

John A. Stevens served an injunction against Rich and Harris, of Boston, last week, restraining them from producing Unknown at their theatre on Oct. 8. The Boston firm cancelled the engagement, which was with one Harry Bradley.

Ben Stern, representative of the Carleton Opera company, has been in town for several days. He speaks enthusiastically of the success of Myneer Jan in Philadelphia. The opera will be brought to this city for a run in March.

The Kendalls, who will play in this country a year hence, under Daniel Frohman's direction, will produce the first of their new plays next Saturday night at Manchester, England. It is by A. W. Pinero, author of Sweet Lavender.

Imre Kilralffy has been sued for \$25,000 damages by the Order of Cincinnati, which claims that the defendant has infringed on the complainant's spectacular composition, Rome Under Nero, by presenting it under the title of Nero; or, The Fall of Rome, at Staten Island during the Summer.

This week the sale of subscription tickets for the Coquelin-Hading engagement at Palmer's Theatre is in progress. On Wednesday next seats for single performances will be placed on sale. The speculators, as usual, have been getting the pick. The general public will have to pay the piper.

Maude Banks is one of the few society debutantes on the stage who have achieved distinct artistic and financial success. She is highly spoken of by press and public in the cities where she has appeared in her repertoire of classic, romantic and emotional plays. Miss Banks has a strong coadjutor in Ed. J. Buckley.

Joseph Arthur's new play will be presented in London early next month for copyright purposes. It is probable that it will not be played in this country this Winter, as has been announced. Edwin Leary has been secured for the part of Jack Manley in the provincial Still Alarm company, which started on tour last Monday night, opening in Liverpool.

The present is a very busy week at Wallack's. On Monday morning three sales opened—that of the Coquelin-Hading season tickets, the receipts of which amounted to over \$18,000 by Wednesday night; the regular sale of seats for Boccaccio, and the sale for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers to take place this (Thursday) afternoon. For the latter the entire orchestra was sold out on Monday, and all of the balcony but fifteen seats, and on Tuesday the rest of the house was sold.

Manager Daniel Frohman has put an effectual stop to ticket speculation in front of the Lyceum Theatre. The speculators have for some time past been in the habit of buying up hotel tickets at \$2 and selling them for \$3 on the sidewalk, as well as selling the seventy-five cent gallery seats for the same price. On several nights last week Mr. Frohman and his assistants refused to receive tickets at the door that had been purchased on the sidewalk. In this way they managed to break up the busi-

ness and drive the speculators away. The usual signs to this effect have been placed in front of the theatre.

The Theatrical Roster for 1883-9.

[CONTINUED.]

Aladdin.

Joie Robinson, Grace Addison, May Fox, Mlle. Ince, Clara F. B. Pierer, Bob Butler, Mr. Adams, Mlle. Marshall, Clara Palmer, Charles McDonald, W. F. Laville, E. Hayden, O. B. Coleman, M. Romeo, Manager, Harry Kilaier; business manager, Charles W. Mitchell; advance agent, O. A. Tanner; musical director, Professor G. P. Barnard; property master, Henry Loersch; master machinist, O. B. Coleman.

Little Tycoon.

Fred. Lenox, Aldrich Libby, J. H. Wilson, Joseph Mealey, J. McGovern, W. S. Reeves, J. Mulholland, Dan Wolf, Katharine Luyard, Sadie Wells, Marie Sanger, Manager, Willard Spencer; treasurer, Charles Borgman; musical director, S. Stackhouse; advance agent, Jake Rosenthal.

Si Plunkett.

J. C. Lewis, Sam C. Young, Max Freeman, Steve Maier, David Fenton, Thomas Cody, P. M. Gederman, Willie Morton, William Statton, A. M. Nebling, Paul Dominick, Dollie Lewis, Rose Barnard, Manager, L. C. Jones; musical director, Professor Lederman.

Theodora.

Phon McAllister, Mrs. F. Hooker, May Standish, W. F. Clifton, Walter Standish, Mr. White, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Williams, Mr. Lowman, Mr. Labes, Jerome Sherman, Fred. Herkner, Manager, Walter Standish; advance agent, W. Peterson; property master, Mr. Goodrich. Opens at New Haven, Conn., Oct. 22.

Vernona Jarbeau Co.

Vernona Jarbeau, Bessie Cleveland, Amy Brooks, Eloise Mortimer, Ethel Vincent, Lottie Alter, Harry C. Clark, Alonso Hatch, Harry Standish, Thomas Daly, Martie O'Neil and Clarence Duval, W. P. Brown, musical director; Gus Moulton, business manager; Jeff D. Bernstein, manager.

CASINO. Broadway and 30th Street. Mr. Rudolph Aronson. - - - Manager. Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

30 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents. Reserved seats, 50c, and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12.

The Sparkling Comic Opera in three acts, entitled

NADJY.

Great Cast. Chorus of 65. Orchestra of 26. MAGNIFICENT NEW COSTUMES, SCENERY, &c.

ROOFGARDEN CONCEPT AFTER OPERA.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Corner 6th Avenue. Mr. J. W. ROSENQUEST, - - - Sole Manager.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

CORA TANNER. CORA TANNER. In Robert Buchanan's comedy, FASCINATION.

A Beautiful Production.

Gallery 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1., \$1.50.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Iced Air. Mr. A. M. Palmer. - - - Sole Manager.

Gillette's Delightful Comedy, A LEGAL WRECK.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

BUJOU OPERA HOUSE. Broadway near 30th St. J. W. F. ROSENQUEST, - - - Lessee and Manager.

LAST WEEK OF ROLAND REED.

in THE WOMAN HATER.

"The best comedy seen here in ten years." Seats secured in advance at box-office. Gallery, 25c.; reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1., \$1.50. Oct. 1—MARIETTA NASH as KATTI.

WINDSOR THEATRE. Bowery near Canal Street.

FRANK B. MURTHA, - - - Sole Proprietor.

ONE WEEK ONLY.

FLORINE ARNOLD. In the new and successful comedy drama,

HER HUSBAND.

Matinee—WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave. and 3rd St. DANIEL FROHMAN, - - - Manager. Every Evening at 8:15. Saturday Matinee at 2.

Second Month. Second Month.

and Mr. Frohman's Comedy Company in the new play by De Mille and Belasco, LORD CHUMLEY.

H. R. JACOBS' (Thalia) OLD BOWERY THEATRE. (Bowery, below Canal.)

Reserved Seats 50c., 75c. and 1.00. Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THIS WEEK! PASSION'S WEEK! Oct. 1—OVER THE GARDEN WALL.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE. THEATRE. Corner 31st Street.

THE POPULAR THEATRE OF NEW YORK. Reserved Seats 50c., 75c. and 1.00. Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.

THIS WEEK! THE TWO JOHNS. Oct. 1—CORINNE.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. FRENCH.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

THE SILVER KING.

Next Week—CLARA MORRIS.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS. Broadway and 9th Street.

LOW DOCKSTADER, - - - Sole Manager.

THE HOME OF SABLE COMEDY AND MELODY.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE? John E. McWade. M. H. Rosenfeld's Latest Billad. Evenings, 8:30; Sat. mat., 2:30. Reserved seats, 50c.

BROADWAY THEATRE. Broadway, 41st street and 9th Avenue. Manager, - - - Mr. FRANK W. SANGER.

Handsome and Safe Theatre in the World. Evenings at 8; Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c. The Romantic Play, THE KAFFIR DIAMOND. By Mr. E. J. Swartz, with MR. LOUIS ALDRICH, supported by a capable and especially selected cast. New scenery by Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, painted from special designs.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE. Mr. EDWARD HARRIGAN, - - - Proprietor. M. W. HANLEY, - - - Manager. MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN. In his new local play, WADDY GOOGAN. New music and original songs by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM. MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY. Prices, 25c., 50c., \$1 and \$1.50.

The Giddy Gusher.



The attitude of man to woman is admirably exhibited by the ticket sellers on the elevated roads. For some occult reason a scratch on the face of a quarter or on the countenance of a fifty cent piece practically ruins its usefulness. The man creature immediately hoards these coins and runs 'em in on the unsuspecting she creature. I haven't changed any money at an L station in six months that the wretch didn't palm off a holey tenpence or a defaced quarter on me. In this way I got two dollars' worth of stuff that had survived its usefulness. I noticed in several instances that my change was not thrown out with reckless alacrity, but the deceiver's eye having taken in the fact that the dollar tendered was in a female claw, the deceiver's hand traveled to remote piles, and ninety-five cents with non-go-to-marketable quarters in it was tendered.

Your gentle Gusher stopped the other day, carefully looked over the change where it laid on the window ledge, whipped out a defective tenpence and a rim-perforated quarter, rein forced the culprits with the whole wicked two-dollar party she had accumulated, and demanded restitution at the point of an umbrella.

The combat was short and sharp. The man repudiated every piece except the two he couldn't deny. But the indignant female stood ground, and walked away with \$2.35 good her money.

Men do do such mean things to women. This week I heard such a pitiful tale of deceit and dishonesty about a well-known tenor singer that I shall look with contempt upon him all the days of my life.

The man was out with a popular opera company, and its prima donna was the recipient of his most devoted attention. She is one of the kindest-hearted, most generous creatures in the profession, and the gay Lothario made easy prey of her pocket book. He had a lawsuit somewhere with a prospective reward of \$1,400 or \$1,500, but the legal expenses were large and constant. He would go to the poor girl and decant on the woes of his position. He must send his lawyer \$50 or \$100 the next day, or lose his suit. The singer disgorged, and loaned the beggar the money.

In this way he got over a thousand dollars—all her little savings. Even when she stopped to think that the outlay was likely to be larger than the verdict she still kept on feeding the shark. Finally, when her nest-egg was gone, Mr. Highsee struck another member of the company for a small sum, and a chorus singer for a hundred and fifty—both parties of the weaker sex. Think of borrowing a poor little chorus girl's hard-earned savings!

This story riled me like a well-shaken coffee pot, and every one added their mite to my wrath.

One man knew a lady who had the Lothario about her premises very frequently, and on one occasion she had a beautiful watch out of gear. Mr. Highsee in the most gallant manner offered to board it at Tiffany's till it was convalescent. The dupe handed it over, and not only did her time elapse, but six months' of the Lord's.

She wrote and writ, but got no reply. Neither did the defaulter turn up. Finally she wrote his mother an indignant letter. The answer came in the shape of a Simpson pawn ticket for \$40 advanced on her watch.

Another time our confidence man asked a lady to dine at Delmonico's. He ordered a \$25 dinner. As the coffee came on he made a horrible discovery—his hoodle was in his business pants, and he had on his full-dress uniform. Happy thought! Give him that bangle with the diamond and ruby settings, and the cashier, knowing him, would accept the pledge until the singer put on his lucrative pants.

The lady acceded, and never saw sight of her bracelets again on these green, shady towers.

The poor little girl who loaned him her \$1,000 he never goes near, and when she has written—as she has of late—for a portion of her own he sends back her letters unopened. She has a lot of his amatory correspondence in her keeping, which, with the false notes he has treated the public to so often, would make this complete letter writer an object for the finger of scorn and the fist of indignation if she'd show him up.

There's a mighty mean lot of people in the literary and artistic professions. I would like to get a good collar-and-elbow hold on that news-famished creature who went back to the forty-year old scandals projected by a miserable brute of a husband upon a blameless wife.

Forty years ago a patient, hard-working young actress dragged out in England a hand to mouth life with a man who was brutal to the last degree—that of personal violence. She saw one day a loophole. She had had an offer from an American manager to visit the United States, and the opportunity arrived to successfully get away from a taskmaster and a tyrant.

Friendless and alone she reached this country, hoping to have escaped from that worst of all bondages—allegiance to a brutal husband. But the wretch scraped together the money to bring him after her, and he landed dead broke, tried to force her to live with him, and, failing in that, began a persecution of the vilest kind.

He told infernal lies about the poor young creature, who had only three friends in this country—her manager and his wife, who protected her, and Louisa Mortimer, a handsome actress, who at that time was a constant sympathizing companion.

This beast of a husband got thick with a measly reporter on a disreputable sporting paper, and the combination furnished the paragraph that the press has had unearthed for 'em after forty years—forty years of a simple, noble, honorable life.

It was a vile thing to do forty years ago; it was a criminal act to resuscitate such a corpse for "copy." It is a reprehensible thing to give quotation to the cruel utterance of a very hard-pushed correspondent.

I allude to the ghoulish story in a Pittsburgh paper that has lately been reproduced in a New York daily journal about Elizabeth Ponisi—that silver-crowned queen whose reputation as an artist stands side by side with her condition as a woman.

Dear Ben Baker, the respected authority to whom I communicated my indignation, dropped his pen in horror as I told him of the beast who had planted lovers along the life of that woman.

"Why, my friend, I was a companion of that actress' career from the hour she struck America to the time she severed her connection with Forrest," said he. "A more blameless life no woman in any walk of it ever lived than Madame Ponisi. It is a detestable lie. I was familiar with her divorce proceedings. She had the sympathy of the public and the press. She was in all those succeeding years (despite her grand position as a splendid actress dividing the honors with Edwin Forrest) a retiring, far from happy woman. The sadness of her early experience kept her far from the madding crowd and her name was never associated with any man's. She walked her way alone, always a model of virtuous propriety."

Thus spoke Uncle Ben: I remembered once talking of Madame Ponisi to Dion Boucicault—I'm positive it was Boucicault—and his telling me of his watching the growing affection between her and dear Sam Wallis, who was her loved and loving husband for nearly thirty years.

Sam was a blunt, odd man—the antipodes of the gentle, refined Madame Ponisi—and though I loved him I couldn't quite see how that beautiful, artistic natured woman became attached to him.

Something of this I said to Mr. Boucicault, and he told me that was his estimate of Mr. Wallis until, one day, years before, he was playing at Niblo's and he noticed Sam very busy about a box, nursing something carefully, and he found the theatre cat had yielded ten per cent to the gross receipts, and with her kittens was in great need of warmth and food.

Sam lighted a fire, warmed milk and was playing nurse to the brood in a most unusual way. After that Boucicault detected the brusque, hard-seeming fellow in a hundred acts of kindness to man and beast, and he changed his opinion of the rugged nature of Sam Wallis.

Later on he met Madame Ponisi walking cheerfully beside Mr. Wallis on Broadway, and his way of expressing his satisfaction is a refutation in itself of the late slander.

"I thought," said he, "that she was right—after her hard early experience—after the lonely years, the best years of her life, that had had no man's love to brighten them. She was right to select this devoted, single-hearted fellow, who would look upon her as a superior being, and be to her always faithful and fond."

How beautiful their married life was I can attest. I lived beside her for years when she was in Fourteenth Street, playing nightly at Wallack's Thirteenth Street house.

When dear Sam was very ill with rheumatism I'd hear him knocking round about 10.30. The stove would rattle and the crockery would ring as the supper was prepared. Then he'd creep through the hall to the front door and watch on his crutch or cane for the green car that brought his queen home to her dominion.

Far into the night I'd hear her gentle voice and his sturdy tones as they talked and laughed together. And if they could we had the thoughts of their next door neighbor, materialized, their happy home was full of blessing-bearing angels, like those of Rubens' or Raphael's.

It should be remembered that we did not have the patronage of us—particularly Uncle Tom's Cabin Oct. 1, 1874—were (William E. White, manager), a portion of us—tid only fair business in Mary Queen

tence concerning Elizabeth Ponisi, as to kill a snake wriggling up Broadway. So I've tried to do my duty by the serpent of slander.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

P. S.—More Baker Fund folks:
Mr. and Mrs. John Clinton Hall..... 1 00
Madge Baron..... 1 00
Kate Blanche..... 1 00
Mary Ellis Smith..... 1 00
Beale F. Hunter..... 1 00
Ferd Wright..... 1 00
Col. Wm. E. Sinn and Walter L. Sinn..... 10 00
Harry C. Clarke..... 1 00
Annie and Maude Adams..... 1 00

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Sept. 13.

She has come to the Gaiety, has been seen—and has not conquered. The first-nighters were as friendly and good-tempered as could be desired, but they evidently regarded the show as burlesque rather than serious drama—and indeed they were not far wrong in their estimate, seeing that the only really serious business in the play proper consisted of the low-comedy dialogue introduced to lighten the lump. But the scenery was splendid, the mounting—as adequate, and Sophie Eyre was delightful—so far, that is, as looks and gesture went. I must allow that her elocution was un certain. The bulk of what she said must have been (as our Parliamentary reporters put it) inaudible in the gallery. Much of it was not understandable in any part of the house. We had been led to believe H. Rider Haggard would figure on the bill as part author of the play. This was not so. The programme set forth that this new romantic drama in a prologue and five acts had been dramatized (by permission of H. R. H.) by Edward Rose, and rewritten and adapted for Sophie Eyre by William Sidney and Clo. Graves—surely one of the most extraordinary announcements ever made in similar connection. If Rose's version was not good enough to produce Miss Eyre should have set her re-writers to work to write her another, or if three people were required for the business they should have collaborated harmoniously on one basis. The result of the meddling and muddling policy which has been pursued is a mere thing of shreds and patches, the only consistent and workmanlike feature in which is the original prologue, which has been left as Rose wrote it.

The prologue starts 2,000 years before the play, and shows how Ayesha, Queen of Kôr, fell in love with Kallikrates, and slew him because he explained to her that in his case marriage is not a failure and that on the whole he preferred his wife Ammaetas. The play starts with the opening of the mysterious box, the discovery of the potsherd, the translation of its story, and the departure of Leo, Holly, and their servant Job, in search of the mysterious She. The Arab dhow in which they have taken passage is shipwrecked, and the three Europeans with the Arab captain escaping in the boat, are suddenly pulled up short by the Negro's Head Rock, which makes an effective curtain to the first act, though dramatically it is a mistake, because the leading lady is off all the time, and the play is unduly lengthened without proportionately advancing the action.

After this the play runs upon much the same lines as the novel, effective points being made out of the attempted hot-potting of the Arab and the blasting of Ustane by the relentless Ayesha. Leo, unable to resist her fatal beauty, adjourns with her to the Cave of the Fire of Life to put on immortality. In order to inspire confidence Ayesha goes into the fire first, and having struck some attitudes in the red steam which prevades the place, suddenly shrieks violently and runs off. Presently she runs on again in rags, wrinkles and white hair, and dies at Leo's feet, and that's all.

It was close on midnight when this wished-for consummation was reached on Thursday, and some very funny things were seen and heard en route. The costume of the Amahager young men and maidens was perhaps more suggestive of Canada than Central Africa, but that didn't matter much anyhow. Sophie Eyre is, I believe, a native of Tipperary—I don't know whether it was because of this that the majority of the dramatic persons addressed Ayesha as O'Shea, but they did, and the effect was curious. Edmund Maurice, late of the Globe, where he has been playing in Bootle's Baby with some success, brought all his Bootle manner to bear on the situation—sometimes with curious results. When the Tragedy Queen of Kôr in impassioned accents recognizes him as her lost love, Kallikrates, Bootles was much upset. "It's a cursed lie," said he; "my name is not Kallikrates at all. I am Leo Vinney, of," etc., etc., and the house roared. Julian Cross played Holly, whose ugliness is ever and anon alluded to by all and sundry. He did well, all things considered, but when he had to make a desperate leap across the cleft in the rock leading to the cavern of the Fire of Life, and nearly ruined his tip, the excitement intended to be worked up was somewhat dashed by the too candid limelight betraying a hook and rope attached to Holly's waistband as precautionary measures. James East made but a dull ass of the servant Job. Mary Rorke was at once intense and sympathetic as Ustane, and Edmund Gurney scored heavily as a jealous Amahager.

Perhaps the most amusing incident of the evening came after the curtain had finally fallen, when H. R. Haggard, who, in his desire

to escape observation, had hidden himself in front of the most conspicuous box in the house, stood up and bowed violently, much to the astonishment of the audience, whose mingled groans and cheers were for the time being temporarily hushed. Hereupon Haggard burst forth into speech, and declared that we all owed very much to Miss Sophie Eyre, and that, though she—meaning the play and not Sophie—was not wholly without faults, yet there was in her—I mean she—magnificent possibilities, and it might with very little trouble be made one of the best plays in the world. Haggard was proceeding to give the reasons for the faith which is in him when the audience good humoredly laughed him down, and we all came away. The burlesque project, of which I told you some time ago, is "off."

The Olympic was reopened on Saturday by Agnes Hewitt, who again tried her luck with The Ticket of Leave Man, with Henry Neville as Bob Brierly (of which he was the original representative here a quarter of a century back). I have seen Neville play this part often, but never so well as on Saturday. Agnes was very nice and sympathetic as May Edwards, a part I was afraid she would not be able to manage satisfactorily. J. P. Burnett was the Hawkshaw of the evening. He was all right in the quieter scenes, but seemed rather afraid of the main points. Frank Motley Wood was a very good Melter Moss, but was extravagantly made up. Undoubtedly the best male impersonation, next to Neville's, was the Gibson of a little low comedian named R. Courtneidge. I don't suppose that I shall ever see Gibson played better, and I don't know that I want to. Jennie Lee was the Sam Willoughby, a part which (clever and powerful actress as she is) she never, to my thinking, could grasp. On Saturday night she commenced by making me think I should have to take all this back, but before she had been long upon the stage she indulged in such extravagant and fantastic tricks as to occasionally interfere with some question of the play. I suspect Jennie must have fancied she was playing the part in Australia, where she used, I am told, to perform this piece under the somewhat modest title of Sam Willoughby; or, The Ticket of Leave Man.

The Tiger of the revival was Charles Sugden, a comedian who some years ago distinguished himself (or thought he did) by carrying off the Countess of Desart, whom he afterward married. Sugden had up till Friday been playing the villain in Bootle's Baby at the Globe, and according to his agreement with the Globe lessees, Edith Woodworth and Edgar Bruce, his engagement there would not terminate until the 20th inst. Edith and Edgar therefore intimated Sugden, but he appeared at the Olympic on Saturday night all the same, thereby committing contempt of court. For this crime Sugden, who said he was under the impression that his engagement terminated on Sept. 7, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment and was also condemned to pay all costs. This morning, however, Sugden's name was still in the Olympic announcements. The Olympic has also had other trouble by reason of a fire which broke out yesterday at No. 6 Wych Street and at one time threatened to do serious damage to the theatre.

Willie Edouin, who announces that he will reopen the Strand on Saturday next, has also been threatened with injunctions. One of the pieces Edouin has announced is Byron's burlesque rewritten up to date, and owing to the lax state in which Byron left his affairs several people have claimed the fees for this, and have warned Edouin that dreadful things will happen to him if he disobeys their injunctions. The second piece promised in the Strand bill (Mark Melford's Kleptomania to wit) is also likely to cause Edouin some worry, as a couple of writers have claimed the story which Melford says he bought to serve as a basis for the plot. Meanwhile Edouin continues rehearsing both these pieces vigorously.

Mr. F. T. Potter, acting manager to George Edwards, of the Gaiety, is by now busy in your midst arranging for the forthcoming visit to America of Nelly Farren, Fred Leslie, Marion Hood, Charles Danby and the rest of the Gaiety traveling company, who open at your Standard Theatre on or about Nov. 12. You will find Potter genial albeit dominated by a strict attention to business.

Mr. Richard Davey, who is not altogether unknown on your side, has committed a one-act drama entitled Lesbia, which is to go on presently at the Lyceum in front of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By the way, Richard Mansfield now quotes among his opinions of the press certain remarks on good and evil which were written by our old friend Paul, who was at one time known as Saul of Tarsus. Henry Irving and company started a tour last Monday, commencing at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Marion Terry has gone along to take the place of Ellen pro tem.—Edward Solomon, the musical composer, whose name is not altogether unfamiliar to New Yorkers, is, it is said, about to take unto him self yet another wife. The new bride elect is Miss Kate Everleigh, whose name also is not entirely unknown in the States.—G. W. Appleton, the American novelist and Lecture-and-Entertainment-Bureau-crat, is now acting as agent for all the biggest lecturers and enter-

tainers of all parts of the habitable globe. His list of clients now includes the names of Explorer H. M. Stanley, Archibald Forbes, Max O'Rell, Will Carleton, Adelaide Drichon, Prince Krapotkine, Emily Faithfull, Clement Scott, B. L. Farjeon, Kate and Isabel Bateman and Charles Dickens. With regard to young Dickens' recent American tour, which was managed by Appleton, there has been some trouble, but peace now reigns, for C. D. has agreed to G. W. A.'s demands on the question of fees by way of commission.

The Spy, a new one-act drama by Cecil Raleigh, part author of The Great Pink Pearl and one or two other striking works, will be put on at the Comedy next Wednesday in front of Uncle and Aunts.—The fiftieth night of the Union Jack arrived at the Adelphi last night. I looked in to report progress and found the piece going strong and well.—A new Comedy Theatre is announced to be ready for opening on the 24th inst. The piece of the occasion will be Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Les Surprises du Divorce, which has been christened Mamma.—The favorite French melodrama L'As de Trèfle has been adapted for Uncle Samuel French by Arthur Shirley, who will call the piece The Ace of Clubs.—The Kendals have just purchased the English rights of a German romantic drama entitled Urbain Sansnom, the Jester.—Sir Randall Roberts, who has traveled in your parts, has gone into partnership with T. E. Smale (husband of Charlotte Elliott) for a six nights' season at the Royalty. They will produce a new piece written by a Miss Burford and entitled A Fair Bigamist, which seems to me to be an old title anyway.

As though we had not already suffered enough from the discussion entitled Is Marriage a Failure?—which is still filling the columns of the Daily Telegraph—several daring dramatists have threatened us with plays upon the subject. This (Thursday) afternoon there is to be given at the Crystal Palace a special performance of The Merry Wives of Windsor, with what looks like a particularly brilliant cast. I am just off to see it, so no more at present from yours truly,

GAWAIN.

One of the costliest souvenirs ever given at a theatrical performance is now being gotten up for the celebration of the fiftieth performance of A Legal Wreck at the Madison Square Theatre on next Monday night. It consists of a case such as is used for holding legal documents, with the night's programme inserted. The book will be of oxidized silver, the covers being shut with a silver clasp. Raised letter-work enhances the design. The book will also contain pen and ink sketches of the play.

Rehearsals for Queen Indigo, one of Strauss' earlier works, to be produced in Boston on Oct. 15 by Robert Grau's Opera company, will begin on Monday next. There will be eighty people in the company, numbering fifty members in the chorus. The costumes are being made in this city. Corydon F. Craig will manage the organization and attend to matters in front, while Mr. Grau will have charge of everything pertaining to the stage.

America's Brilliant Young Tragedian,
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Under the personal management of
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Spartacus the Gladiator

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TWO JOHNS
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WINDSOR THEATRE—HER HUSBAND.
Paul St. Vincent, Mr. Whitecar, Col. Lee, Dr. Lindner, Lawyer Lester, Peter Jackson, Cecile Hayes, Jane Jinks, Mrs. St. Vincent, Marjory Lee, Mrs. Hastings, W. A. Whitecar, Lake Martin, Chas. Inwood, E. L. Walton, Thomas Meehan, James Fields, Louise Muldener, George Reynolds, Mrs. Anna Wallace Britton, Florine Arnold, Mrs. Hastings, Florine Arnold, in Her Husband, made her metropolitan debut as a star before a large and appreciative audience at the Windsor on Monday night. The story of the play has been related in our columns. It was written by Annie Lewis Johnson.
Some of the scenes are laid near Charleston, S. C., but the apparent reason for locating them there is not actually borne out by the development of the plot. The pivotal point of the piece is a secret marriage, but as the dramatic story is unfolded it now here appears that the husband, who has become separated from his girl wife through a chain of circumstances which controlled him, expresses the least desire to amend the statutes of South Carolina, which is the only State in the Union that has no divorce law. On the contrary, the hero loves his lost wife devotedly. Probably the author meant to provide for a contingency which does not arise, as on the eve of the hero's wedding another disclosure is made, a rival and adventuress meets her just fate in being unmasked, and the girl-wife, who in the lapse of six years has become a successful prima donna, and subsequently, by a turn of fortune, a wealthy heiress and society leader in New York, is reunited to her husband.
The piece is devoid of strong local color, and against which South Carolina has set her seal, does not enter into it, the scene of action is without geographical limits. A choleric old Southern colonel on the banks of the Ashley can find his counterpart in a gouty but jolly old major on the banks of the Hudson, and the whole movement of the piece could be shifted here without the least detriment to the play as now produced. Without poaching on the preserves of plays of the Uncle Tom class, some *genre* bits could be very effectively introduced in the Southern part of this piece, and notably in the opening act. The story told by the play absorbs the interest of the audience throughout its dramatic narration, but its most conspicuous weakness is the anti climax to the third act, the curtain merely falling on the heroine who has sat down, wrapped in meditation. To be sure, the sorrows of a wronged and beautiful woman always appeal to our chivalry, but Niobe herself, merely posing, would fail to be interesting as the only figure on the stage at the close of the third act of an intensely quiet drama.
The star, as Marjory Lee, carried the play and won a well merited success. She received scene and curtain calls in every act, and was thoroughly in the sympathy and hearts of the audience from beginning to end. Her work was careful and conscientious, and had that charming self-confidence and grace of manner born of experience. She dressed the part with exquisite taste, if exception may be taken to the second act, where she appears in a mourning robe-de-chambre, which inadvertently stimulates the robes worn by nuns and sisterhoods.
As Paul St. Vincent, Mr. Whitecar ably supported the star. The part is not one calculated to show a leading man to advantage, but Mr. Whitecar got out of it all that was possible. Luke Martin scored a hit as the testy and gouty Colonel Lee. E. L. Walton did some clever character work as Lawyer Lester. Thomas Meehan, in black face, as Pete Jackson, divided his talents almost equally between the gallery and the lower part of the house. Louise Muldener, the leading lady of the company, gave an admirable portrayal of the adventuress Cecile Hayes. George Reynolds scored heavily as Jane Jinks, and Mrs. Anna Wallace Britton was very capable as Mrs. St. Vincent.
Next week, Hardie and Von Leer in another of Annie Lewis Johnson's plays, On the Frontier.
The Silver King was performed on Monday night at the Grand Opera House by an exceptionally good cast. The title role was undertaken by Carl Haswin with a versatility and dramatic force which brought the text into a vigorous light and shade. It was a highly finished and intense dramatic portraiture. The next in order of merit, when age, the work of the part and the natural talent displayed are taken into consideration, was the thoroughly natural yet strongly defined acting of Cissy Denver by a sweet little tot named Marguerite Fields, who was several times greeted with warm applause. Two other children displayed marked stage ability—Dot Clarendon, who was very pleasing as Mabel, and Master Campbell Mowat, who filled the dual roles of the Newsboy and Ned Denver. Charles Foster's performance of old Coombe was masterly and replete with elaborate detail. The audience called the actor before the curtain and then hissed the character. Another very meritorious impersonation was the Herbert Skinner of Wilton Lackaye, whose *sang-froid* and stage repose were reminiscent in some respects of the methods which built up the fame of Lester Wallack. Raymond Holme's Henry Corkett was spirited and clever; the Cripps of M. B. Snyder, too, must not be overlooked. John Archer, while displaying much effective skill in the part of Geoffrey Ware, yet somewhat

discounted an otherwise good performance by a certain stiffness and crudity.
Grace Thorne, as Nellie Denver, looked charming and acted well throughout, though it may be thought that in the last scene of the third act she scarcely had an adequate idea of the spirit of the scene. The business places her in the position of a starving woman with a very sick child, liable to eviction on a Winter's night. All the surroundings are those of crushing misery. Miss Thorne scarcely rose to the possibilities of vivid contrast this situation affords. Jaikes, the old servant, was played by J. Sutherland in some parts quite touchingly. Some admirable comedy acting took place in the exterior scene of the Chequers Inn, in which Harry Gwynette as Parkyn, the parish clerk, B. Schoolcraft as Binks, and P. Trimble as Jennings were noticeably clever. George Farren played Sam Baxter, the detective, with little of the stage conventionality of that class of role. S. Pitt gave a strongly defined sketch of the tipsy railway passenger, and Maurice Pike's land lord, Tubbs, was another effective bit of nature. Miss L. T. Hill was comic as the waitress of the Chequers, and praise is due to Rose Snyder, Mrs. Thropp and Mrs. Alexander in their small parts. The Olive Skinner of Helen Cooper Parr was artistic, if somewhat cold.
Next week Clara Morris will appear in Renee de Moray, Article 47 and The New Magdalen.
At the Third Avenue on Monday night J. C. Stewart drew a packed house to see The Two Johns. In the piece he was assisted by a company of more merit than is usually found. Among its members are Paul Dresser, as the "other John," J. C. Stewart Jr., as Sir Frederic, a prototype of Lord Chumley; James S. Edwards, Kate Norman, Minnie Galloway, Hannah Holdsworth, Victoria North, and Nellie Van Auker. With song and dance and innumerable funny situations the evening passed quickly, and the piece was voted a success by the entire house. Next week, Corinne.
Passion's Slave, as given by T. H. Winnett's company, drew a large audience to the Thalia Theatre on Monday night. The piece was well staged, and the leading roles were in capable hands. O. H. Barr as Manuel Defoe carried off a portion of the glory, while the rest was well earned by Abbie Pierce as Mamie Briscoe. Other members of the cast were Julius Scott, W. H. Whedon, Lizzie Fletcher and Laura Clairon, all of whom acquitted themselves creditably. Next week, Over the Garden Wall.
Kate Claxton began a week's engagement at the People's on Monday evening in The World Against Her. A large audience was present and generously applauded the many strong situations in the piece. Miss Claxton is a great favorite with the East-siders and she was called before the curtain after every act. The company is well balanced. Next week, A Dark Secret.
There is a capital bill on this week at Dock-stader's, in which the best of the old features and some attractive and amusing new ones are combined.
The management seems to like the word "improbable" in connection with Mr. Buchanan's comedy, Fascination, and so it has been permanently tacked to that piece for descriptive purposes. The incredulous may think that the claims of success are improbable, too, but it is a fact nevertheless that Miss Tanner and her performance are liked by a good many people, and the Fourteenth Street is doing quite a rushing business with this attraction.
Roland Reed has had a successful engagement at the Bijou in The Woman Hater, and when he finishes there on Saturday night he may find satisfaction in reflecting that he has added many friends in the public to his circle. On Monday next Marietta Nash will succeed Mr. Reed, appearing in Katti, the Family Help. Miss Nash is a bright little soubrette, who acts with great vivacity and dances like a fairy. The piece is new and its merits have yet to be tested in New York, but good reports precede it.
Nadjy's nights are numbered at the Casino, where large houses continue to enjoy the operetta and the new features which from time to time have been added to its manifold attractions.
Phillip Herne will take leave of the Fifth Avenue on Saturday, continuing its metropolitan career next week at the Standard. The business has picked up slowly but steadily. When Manager Hill is running the whole thing himself—as he will at the Standard, where he rents—we may expect to see something done to let people know of the existence of the play. Estelle Clayton will, on Monday night at the Fifth Avenue, bring out the anonymous dramatic version of "The Quick or The Dead," for which event we are told extensive preparations are making.
The Paymaster has made its way sturdily into public favor. The Star has held some large houses during its two weeks' stay there, which closes on Saturday evening. Mr. Harrison has achieved commendation as a manly

and virile actor. Next week at this theatre the latest comedy success, Zig-Zag, will be presented.
Boccaccio will run to the close of the McCaul Opera company's engagement at Wallack's, the Coquelin-Hading combine beginning there on Oct. 8. The tinsel operetta is drawing large houses.
Waddy Googan is a great go at Harrigan's. The piece, particularly in the opportunity it affords the author-actor for an effective display of his versatility, is worthy of the hearty commendation it is receiving on all hands.
A Legal Wreck is still enjoying a large measure of popularity at the Madison Square Theatre. On Monday next the fiftieth performance will be marked by the presentation of tasteful souvenirs.
Lord Chumley has literally caught the fancy of the town. The Lyceum was never resorted to by greater numbers of people. The piece goes with an almost uninterrupted laugh.

William Warren, the celebrated comedian, died on Friday last at his home in Boston after an illness of several weeks. He was nearly seventy-six years of age, and his death, which was said to be due from a brain disease, was almost painless. His funeral took place on Monday from Trinity Church, Boston, the Rev. Phillips Brooks officiating. H. A. McGlennen, of the Boston Theatre, acted as chief usher, while the principal mourners were Mrs. J. B. Rice, of Chicago; Mr. Warren's sister, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Dunlap, Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Mrs. Orson Smith and Emma Marble, nieces of Mr. Warren, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and their sons, Charles and Joseph. Among those present were Dr. Oliver, Wendell Holmes, Annie Clarke, Mrs. Lawrence Barrett, Mayor O'Brien, Eugene Tompkins, Benjamin E. Woolf, George C. Howard, Nat Jones, C. W. Coudock, R. M. Field, Henry E. Dixey Wemyss Henderson, E. L. Davenport and D. J. Maguinness. The interment was at Mount Auburn Cemetery.
William Warren came of a family of actors. His father, William Warren, the elder, made his debut as Norval, in Chippendale, England, 1783 and forty nine years later, the son made his debut at Philadelphia in the same part. He was born in the latter city on Nov. 17, 1812. In the Spring of 1841 Mr. Warren appeared in New York, and in the Autumn he became the leading comedian of the Eagle Theatre, Buffalo. In 1845 he paid a brief visit to England for pleasure, and there appeared at a benefit to Mrs. Coleman Pope, at the Strand Theatre, in London, playing Con Gormley in the Vermont. This was his only appearance in England. On returning to America he was at once secured by the lessees of the new Howard Athenaeum, where he opened on Oct. 5, 1846 as Sir Lucius O'Trigger in The Rivals. From that time until several years since, when he retired permanently from the boards, Mr. Warren only left the Boston stage for a brief year, which was devoted to a starring tour.
The following season he was added to the Boston Museum company, and here he at once took the place that he held for so many years—the acknowledged favorite comedian of the city. On the occasion of his first appearance at the Museum—Aug. 23, 1847—the bill was a double one and he appeared as Billy Lackaday in Sweethearts and Wives, and as Gregory Grizzle in My Young Wife and Old Umbrella. From 1847 to 1853 Mr. Warren played with but the one exception already alluded to with the Museum company, and in that period acted nearly 600 parts and gave upwards of 13,000 performances. The starring venture mentioned was under Henry C. Jarrett's management and occupied the season of 1854-5. The Warren Orton Comedy combination was the title of the organization, and it made a tour of all the leading Western cities, meeting with eminent success.
On Oct. 28, 1882 a semi-centenary testimonial was given to the veteran actor. He appeared both afternoon and evening. At the close of that season Mr. Warren retired from the boards of the Museum and from the stage. He was never married. His wife gives his library, manuscripts, etc., to his sister, Mary Ann Rice. Miss Fisher, at whose house he boarded, gets his furniture in the Bulfinch Place rooms and \$3,000 in money. Emma Marble and Sarah Jefferson, his nieces, are left \$5,000 each. The silver loving cup is bequeathed to Joseph Jefferson. Emma B. Dunlap, a niece, receives a silver salad bowl, given Mr. Warren by the Museum company, and the silver pitcher given him by the Boston Theatre company. The residue of the estate goes to the decedent's brother, Henry Warren, and his sister, Mary Ann Rice.
Waddy Googan's Successful Run.
"Waddy Googan is the biggest money success of any play Mr. Harrigan has ever written," said Mart Hanley to a MIRROR reporter yesterday, "and the business now

doing at the Park is simply phenomenal, surpassing that of any play ever put on here."
The demand for seats from adjacent cities is very large, while not a week passes that I do not arrange for five or six theatre parties. Although Mr. Harrigan has his new Irish drama written, we can give no definite idea as to the date of its production, for the reason that Waddy Googan will run up to the holidays. If not into the Spring."
Gossip of the Town.
Louise Searle is disengaged.
Peter Blow sailed for Europe last Saturday on the Aurania.
Fanny Francis will be in The Katti, opening at the Bijou on Monday night.
Held by the Enemy will be presented at Palmer's Theatre on Oct. 29.
Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera will be produced in London on Oct. 3.
The Masonic Temple Theatre, at Louisville, Ky., has November and October dates to fill.
Manager J. O. Milsom, of the Theatre Vendome, Nashville, Tenn., has dates open in October.
Gustave Amberg's German Opera company will appear at the Star the week beginning Oct. 22.
W. B. Richardson has been engaged as stenographer and private secretary with J. W. Rosenquest.
Annie Pixley is to make a tour of the South this Winter, traveling in a special Pullman car, christened "Miss Pix."
Joseph Adelman is engaged as leading man with Floy Crowell. They are playing a classic and romantic repertoire.
The Boston Quintette Club, with Anne Carpenter as the prima donna, will give one of their concerts in this city this season.
James Nugent has engaged for The Fugitive, through the Actors' Fund Agency, Ralph Delmore James F. Hagan and James Wallis.
The sale of seats for the first production of The Quick or the Dead at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Monday begins to-day (Thursday).
Robert McWade will produce a new dramatic play with a strong character role for himself at one of the Broadway theatres in November.
Two of the balcony boxes of the Casino are to be taken out shortly and more seats put in. Two seats are also to be added at the back of the orchestra.
Charles Erin Verner, it is claimed, is meeting with marked success in the legitimate Irish drama T. H. Winnett, 50 Union Square, is his representative here.
The back seats of the upper circle of the Lyceum Theatre, which formerly sold for fifty cents, have been reserved, and during the run of Lord Chumley will sell for \$1.
The Sun says that Zig Zag was written by Frank Dumont, the minstrel. Frank Tannehill Jr., is the author of the farce, which originally bore the title, A Bar of Soap.
The members of Fanny Davenport's La Tosca company are called at Klaw and Erlanger's at noon on Tuesday, Oct. 2. The season begins at Rochester on Oct. 15.
Commencing with Wednesday next, there will be regular Wednesday matinees of Lord Chumley at the Lyceum Theatre to accommodate the overflow, as the houses are crowded nightly.
Edward Fuller's book, "The Drama Year," will soon appear. The publication has been slightly delayed in order to bring out the English and American editions simultaneously.
John A. Stevens served an injunction against Rich and Harris, of Boston, last week, restraining them from producing Unknown at their theatre on Oct. 8. The Boston firm cancelled the engagement, which was with one Harry Bradley.
Ben Stern, representative of the Carleton Opera company, has been in town for several days. He speaks enthusiastically of the success of Myneer Jan in Philadelphia. The opera will be brought to this city for a run in March.
The Kendalls, who will play in this country a year hence, under Daniel Frohman's direction, will produce the first of their new plays next Saturday night at Manchester, England. It is by A. W. Pinero, author of Sweet Lavender.
Imre Kilrally has been sued for \$25,000 damages by the Order of Cincinnati, which claims that the defendant has infringed on the complainant's spectacular composition, Rome Under Nero, by presenting it under the title of Nero; or, The Fall of Rome, at Staten Island during the Summer.
This week the sale of subscription tickets for the Coquelin-Hading engagement at Wallack's Theatre is in progress. On Wednesday next seats for single performances will be placed on sale. The speculators, as usual, have been getting the pick. The general public will have to pay the piper.
Maude Banks is one of the few society debutantes on the stage who have achieved distinct artistic and financial success. She is highly spoken of by press and public in the cities where she has appeared in her repertoire of classic, romantic and emotional plays. Miss Banks has a strong coadjutor in Ed. J. Buckley.
Joseph Arthur's new play will be presented in London early next month for copyright purposes. It is probable that it will not be played in this country this Winter, as has been announced. Edwin Leary has been secured for the part of Jack Manley in the provincial Still Alarm company, which started on tour last Monday night, opening in Liverpool.
The present is a very busy week at Wallack's. On Monday morning three sales opened—that of the Coquelin-Hading season tickets, the receipts of which amounted to over \$18,000 by Wednesday night; the regular sale of seats for Boccaccio, and the sale for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers to take place this (Thursday) afternoon. For the latter the entire orchestra was sold out on Monday, and all of the balcony but fifteen seats, and on Tuesday the rest of the house was sold.
Manager Daniel Frohman has put an effectual stop to ticket speculation in front of the Lyceum Theatre. The speculators have for some time past been in the habit of buying up hotel tickets at \$2 and selling them for \$3 on the sidewalk, as well as selling the seventy-five cent gallery seats for the same price. On several nights last week Mr. Frohman and his assistants refused to receive tickets at the door that had been purchased on the sidewalk. In this way they managed to break up the busi-

ness and drive the speculators away. The usual signs to this effect have been placed in front of the theatre.
The Theatrical Roster for 1888-9.
[CONTINUED.]
Aladdin.
Joak Robinson, Grace Addison, May Fox, Mlle. Itocione, F. B. Pierer, Bob Butler, Mr. Adams, Allie Marshall, Clara Palmer, Charles McDonald, W. F. Lawelle, R. Hayden, O. B. Coleman, M. Romeo, Mitchell, Harry Eliaher, business manager, Charles W. Mitchell; advance agent, O. A. Tanner; musical director, Professor G. P. Barnard; property master, Henry Loerch; master machinist, O. B. Coleman.
Little Tycoon.
Fred. Lennox, Aldrich Libby, J. H. Wilson, Joseph Masley, J. McGovern, W. S. Reeves, J. Mulholland, Dan Wolf, Katharine Luyard, Sadie Wells, Marie Sanger, Manager, Willard Spencer; treasurer, Charles Borman; musical director, S. Stackhouse; advance agent, Jake Rosenthal.
Si Plunkett.
J. C. Lewis, Sam C. Young, Max Freeman, Sieve Masley, David Feston, Thomas Cody, P. M. Gederman, Willis Morton, William Stetson, A. M. Neibling, Paul Dominick, Dollie Lewis, Rose Barnard, Manager, L. C. Jones; musical director, Professor Lederman.
Theodora.
Phoa McAllister, Mrs. F. Hooker, May Standish, W. F. Clifton, Walter Standish, Mr. White, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Williams, Mr. Lowman, Mr. Labes, Jerome Sherman, Fred. Hooker, Manager, Walter Standish; advance agent, W. Petersen; property man, Mr. Goodrich. Opens at New Haven, Conn., Oct. 22.
Vernona Jarbeau Co.
Vernona Jarbeau, Bessie Cleveland, Amy Brooks, Eloise Mortimer, Ethel Vincent, Lottie Alter, Harry C. Clarke, Alonzo Hatch, Harry Standish, Thomas Daly, Martin O'Neil and Clarence Duval. W. P. Brown, musical director; Gus Moulton, business manager; Jeff D. Bernstein, manager.
CASINO. Broadway and 30th Street.
Mr. Rudolph Aronson. - - - Manager.
Evenings at 8. - - - Saturday Matinee at 2.
50 Cents. - - - ADMISSION. - - - 50 Cents.
Reserved seats, 50c, and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$8, \$10, \$12.
The Sparkling Comic Opera in three acts, entitled
NADJY.
Great Cast. Chorus of 65. Orchestra of 25.
MAGNIFICENT NEW COSTUMES, SCENERY, &c.
ROOF GARDEN CONCEPT AFTER OPERA.
TH STREET THEATRE.
Corner 6th Avenue.
Mr. J. W. ROSENQUEST, - - - Sole Manager.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
CORA TANNER
CORA TANNER
in Robert Buchanan's society comedy,
FASCINATION.
FASCINATION.
A Beautiful Production.
Gallery 25c.; Reserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1., \$1.50.
MADISON SQUARE THEATRE. Iced Air.
Mr. A. M. Palmer. - - - Sole Manager.
Gillette's Delightful Comedy,
A LEGAL WRECK.
Evenings at 8:30. - - - Saturday Matinee at 2.
BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, Broadway near 30th St.
J. W. ROSENQUEST, - - - Lessee and Manager.
LAST WEEK OF
ROLAND REED
in
THE WOMAN HATER.
"The best comedy seen here in ten years."
Seats secured in advance at box-office.
Gallery, 25c.; Reserved, 50c., 75c., \$1., \$1.50.
Oct. 1—MARIETTA NASH as KATTI.
WINDSOR THEATRE.
Bowery near Canal Street.
FRANK B. MURTHA, - - - Sole Proprietor.
ONE WEEK ONLY.
FLORINE ARNOLD
In the new and successful comedy drama,
HER HUSBAND.
Matinee—WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Ave. and 23d St.
DANIEL FROHMAN, - - - Manager.
Every Evening at 8:15. - - - Saturday Matinee at 2.
Second Month. - - - Second Month.
and Mr. Frohman's Comedy Company in the new play
by De Mille & Belasco,
LORD CHUMLEY.
H. R. JACOBS (Thalia).
OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
(Bowery, below Canal.)
Reserved Seats 50c., 75c. and 50c.
Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
THIS WEEK | PASSION'S SLAVE.
Oct. 1—OVER THE GARDEN WALL.
H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVE. THEATRE.
Corner 31st Street.
THE POPULAR THEATRE OF NEW YORK.
Reserved Seats 50c., 75c. and 50c.
Matinees—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday.
THIS WEEK | THE TWO JOHNS.
Oct. 1—CORINNE.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. FRENCH.
Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
THE SILVER KING.
Next Week—CLARA MORRIS.
DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS.
Broadway and 30th Street.
LEW DOCKSTADER, - - - Sole Manager.
THE HOME OF SABLE COMEDY AND MELODY.
IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?
John E. McWade. M. H. Rosenfeld's Latest Billad.
Evenings, 8:30; Sat. mat., 2:30. Reserved seats, 50c.
BROADWAY THEATRE.
Broadway, 41st Street and 9th Avenue.
Manager, - - - Mr. FRANK W. SANGER.
Handsome and Safe Theatre in the World.
Evenings at 8; Saturday Matinee at 2. Admission, 50c.
THE ROMANTIC PLAY.
THE KAFFIR DIAMOND.
By Mr. E. J. Swartz, with MR. LOUIS ALDRICH, supported by a capable and especially selected cast. Fine new scenery by Mr. Henry E. Hoyt, painted from special designs.
HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.
MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN, - - - Proprietor.
MR. W. HANLEY, - - - Manager.
MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN
In his new local play,
WADDY GOOGAN.
New music and original songs by Mr. DAVE BRAHAM.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Prices, 50c., 50c., \$1 and \$1.50.

The Giddy Gusher.



The attitude of man to woman is admirably exhibited by the ticket sellers on the elevated roads. For some occult reason a scratch on the face of a quarter or on the countenance of a fifty cent piece practically ruins its usefulness. The man creature immediately hoards these coins and runs 'em in on the unsuspecting she creature. I haven't changed any money at an L station in six months that the wretch didn't palm off a holey tenpence or a defaced quarter on me. In this way I got two dollars' worth of stuff that had survived its usefulness. I noticed in several instances that my change was not thrown out with reckless alacrity, but the deceiver's eye having taken in the fact that the dollar tendered was in a female claw, the deceiver's hand traveled to remote piles, and ninety-five cents with non-go-to-marketable quarters in it was tendered.

Your gentle Gusher stopped the other day, carefully looked over the change where it laid on the window ledge, whipped out a defective tenpence and a rim-perforated quarter, rein forced the culprits with the whole wicked two-dollar party she had accumulated, and demanded restitution at the point of an umbrella.

The combat was short and sharp. The man repudiated every piece except the two he couldn't deny. But the indignant female stood ground, and walked away with \$2.35 good her money.

Men do such mean things to women. This week I heard such a pitiful tale of deceit and dishonesty about a well-known tenor singer that I shall look with contempt upon him all the days of my life.

The man was out with a popular opera company, and its prima donna was the recipient of his most devoted attention. She is one of the kindest-hearted, most generous creatures in the profession, and the gay Lothario made easy prey of her pocket book. He had a lawsuit somewhere with a prospective reward of \$1,400 or \$1,500, but the legal expenses were large and constant. He would go to the poor girl and descend on the woes of his position. He must send his lawyer \$50 or \$100 the next day, or lose his suit. The singer disgorged, and loaned the beggar the money.

In this way he got over a thousand dollars—all her little savings. Even when she stopped to think that the outlay was likely to be larger than the verdict she still kept on feeding the shark. Finally, when her nest-egg was gone, Mr. Highsee struck another member of the company for a small sum, and a chorus singer for a hundred and fifty—both parties of the weaker sex. Think of borrowing a poor little chorus girl's hard-earned savings!

This story riled me like a well-shaken coffee pot, and every one added their mite to my wrath.

One man knew a lady who had the Lothario about her premises very frequently, and on one occasion she had a beautiful watch out of gear. Mr. Highsee in the most gallant manner offered to board it at Tiffany's till it was convalescent. The dupe handed it over, and not only did her time elapse, but six months' of the Lord's.

She wrote and writ, but got no reply. Neither did the defaulter turn up. Finally she wrote his mother an indignant letter. The answer came in the shape of a Simpson pawn ticket for \$40 advanced on her watch.

Another time our confidence man asked a lady to dine at Delmonico's. He ordered a \$25 dinner. As the coffee came on he made a horrible discovery—his hoodle was in his business pants, and he had on his full-dress uniform. Happy thought! Give him that bangle with the diamond and ruby settings, and the cashier, knowing him, would accept the pledge until the singer put on his lucrative pants.

The lady acceded, and never saw sight of her bracelets again on these green, shady towers.

The poor little girl who loaned him her \$1,000 he never goes near, and when she has written—as she has of late—for a portion of her own he sends back her letters unopened. She has a lot of his amatory correspondence in her keeping, which, with the false notes he has treated the public to so often, would make this complete letter writer an object for the finger of scorn and the fist of indignation if she'd show him up.

There's a mighty mean lot of people in the literary and artistic professions. I would like to get a good collar-and-elbow hold on that news-famished creature who went back to the forty-year old scandals projected by a miserable brute of a husband upon a blameless wife.

Forty years ago a patient, hard-working young actress dragged out in England a hand to mouth life with a man who was brutal to the last degree—that of personal violence. She saw one day a loophole. She had had an offer from an American manager to visit the United States, and the opportunity arrived to successfully get away from a taskmaster and a tyrant.

Friendless and alone she reached this country, hoping to have escaped from that worst of all bondages—allegiance to a brutal husband. But the wretch scraped together the money to bring him after her, and he landed dead broke, tried to force her to live with him, and, failing in that, began a persecution of the vilest kind.

He told infernal lies about the poor young creature, who had only three friends in this country—her manager and his wife, who protected her, and Louisa Mortimer, a handsome actress, who at that time was a constant sympathizing companion.

This beast of a husband got thick with a measly reporter on a disreputable sporting paper, and the combination furnished the paragraph that the press has had unearthed for 'em after forty years—forty years of a simple, noble, honorable life.

It was a vile thing to do forty years ago; it was a criminal act to resuscitate such a corpse for "copy." It is a reprehensible thing to give quotation to the cruel utterance of a very hard-pushed correspondent.

I allude to the ghoul-like story in a Pittsburg paper that has lately been reproduced in a New York daily journal about Elizabeth Ponisi—that silver-crowned queen whose reputation as an artist stands side by side with her condition as a woman.

Dear Ben Baker, the respected authority to whom I communicated my indignation, dropped his pen in horror as I told him of the beast who had planted lovers along the life of that woman.

"Why, my friend, I was a companion of that actress' career from the hour she struck America to the time she severed her connection with Forrest," said he. "A more blameless life no woman in any walk of it ever lived than Madame Ponisi. It is a detestable lie. I was familiar with her divorce proceedings. She had the sympathy of the public and the press. She was in all those succeeding years (despite her grand position as a splendid actress dividing the honors with Edwin Forrest) a retiring, far from happy woman. The sadness of her early experience kept her far from the madding crowd and her name was never associated with any man's. She walked her way alone, always a model of virtuous propriety."

Thus spoke Uncle Ben: I remembered once talking of Madame Ponisi to Dion Boucicault—I'm positive it was Boucicault—and his telling me of his watching the growing affection between her and dear Sam Wallis, who was her loved and loving husband for nearly thirty years.

Sam was a blunt, odd man—the antipodes of the gentle, refined Madame Ponisi—and though I loved him I couldn't quite see how that beautiful, artistic natured woman became attached to him.

Something of this I said to Mr. Boucicault, and he told me that was his estimate of Mr. Wallis until, one day, years before, he was playing at Niblo's and he noticed Sam very busy about a box, nursing something carefully, and he found the theatre cat had yowled ten per cent to the gross receipts, and with her kittens was in great need of warmth and food. Sam lighted a fire, warmed milk and was playing nurse to the brood in a most unusual way. After that Boucicault detected the brusque, hard-seeming fellow in a hundred acts of kindness to man and beast, and he changed his opinion of the rugged nature of Sam Wallis.

Later on he met Madame Ponisi walking cheerfully beside Mr. Wallis on Broadway, and his way of expressing his satisfaction is a refutation in itself of the late slander.

"I thought," said he, "that she was right—after her hard early experience—after the lonely years, the best years of her life, that had had no man's love to brighten them. She was right to select this devoted, single-hearted fellow, who would look upon her as a superior being, and be to her always faithful and fond."

How beautiful their married life was I can attest. I lived beside her for years when she was in Fourteenth Street, playing nightly at Wallack's Thirteenth Street house.

When dear Sam was very ill with rheumatism I'd hear him knocking round about 10.30. The stove would rattle and the crockery would ring as the supper was prepared. Then he'd creep through the hall to the front door and watch on his crutch or cane for a green car that brought his queen home to his dominion.

Far into the night I'd hear a gentle voice and his sturdy tones as they talked and laughed together. And if they could have had the thoughts of their next door material—been as full of blessing-bearing Rubens' or Raphael's oil

It should be of us—particular portion of us—

tence concerning Elizabeth Ponisi, as to kill a snake wriggling up Broadway. So I've tried to do my duty by the serpent of slander.

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

P. S.—More Baker Fund folks:
Mr. and Mrs. John Clinton Hall..... 1.00
Madame Baron..... 1.00
Kate Blanche..... 1.00
Mary Ella Smith..... 1.00
Bessie F. Hunter..... 1.00
Ferd. Wright..... 1.00
Col. Wm. E. Sinn and Walter L. Sinn..... 10.00
Harry C. Clarke..... 1.00
Annie and Maude Adams..... 1.00

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Sept. 13.

She has come to the Gaiety, has been seen—and has not conquered. The first-nighters were as friendly and good-tempered as could be desired, but they evidently regarded the show as burlesque rather than serious drama—and indeed they were not far wrong in their estimate, seeing that the only really serious business in the play proper consisted of the low-comedy dialogue introduced to lighten the lump. But the scenery was splendid, the mounting as adequate, and Sophie Eyre was delightful—so far, that is, as looks and gesture went. I must allow that her elocution was uncertain. The bulk of what she said must have been (as our Parliamentary reporters put it) inaudible in the gallery. Much of it was not understandable in any part of the house. We had been led to believe H. Rider Haggard would figure on the bill as part author of the play. This was not so. The programme set forth that this new romantic drama in a prologue and five acts had been dramatized (by permission of H. R. H.) by Edward Rose, "and rewritten and adapted for Sophie Eyre by William Sidney and 'Clo. Graves'"—surely one of the most extraordinary announcements ever made in similar connection. If Rose's version was not good enough to produce Miss Eyre should have set her re-writers to work to write her another, or if three people were required for the business they should have collaborated harmoniously on one basis. The result of the meddling and muddling policy which has been pursued is a mere thing of shreds and patches, the only consistent and workmanlike feature in which is the original prologue, which has been left as Rose wrote it.

The prologue starts 2,000 years before the play, and shows how Ayesha, Queen of Kôr, fell in love with Kallikrates, and slew him because he explained to her that in his case marriage is not a failure and that on the whole he preferred his wife Ammaetas. The play starts with the opening of the mysterious box, the discovery of the potsherd, the translation of its story, and the departure of Leo, Holly, and their servant Job, in search of the mysterious She. The Arab dhow in which they have taken passage is shipwrecked, and the three Europeans with the Arab captain escaping in the boat, are suddenly pulled up short by the Negro's Head Rock, which makes an effective curtain to the first act, though dramatically it is a mistake, because the leading lady is off all the time, and the play is unduly lengthened without proportionately advancing the action.

After this the play runs upon much the same lines as the novel, effective points being made out of the attempted hot-potting of the Arab and the blasting of Ustane by the relentless Ayesha. Leo, unable to resist her fatal beauty, adjourns with her to the Cave of the Fire of Life to put on immortality. In order to inspire confidence Ayesha goes into the fire first, and having struck some attitudes in the red steam which prevades the place, suddenly strikes violently and runs off. Presently she runs on again, wrinkles and white hair, and dies at Leo's feet, and that's all.

It was close on midnight when this wished-for consummation was reached on Thursday, and some very funny things were seen and heard en route. The costume of the Amahager young men and maidens was perhaps more suggestive of Canada than Central Africa, but that didn't matter much anyhow. Sophie Eyre is, I believe, a native of Tipperary—I don't know whether it was because of this that the majority of the dramatis personæ addressed Ayesha as O'Shea, but they did, and the effect was curious. Edmund Maurice, late of the Globe, where he has been playing in Bootle's Baby with some success, brought all his Bootle manner to bear on the situation—sometimes with curious results. When the Tragedy Queen of Kôr in impassioned accents recognizes him as her lost love, Kallikrates, Bootle's was much upset. "It's a cursed lie," said he; "my name is not Kallikrates at all. I am Leo Vincey, of," etc., etc., and the house roared. Julian Cross played Holly, whose ugliness is ever and anon alluded to by all and sundry. He did well, all things considered, but when he had to make a desperate leap across the cleft in the rock leading to the cavern of the Fire of Life, and nearly ruined his tip, the excitement intended to be worked up was somewhat dashed by the too candid limelight betraying a hook and rope attached to Holly's waistband as precautionary measures. James East made but a dull ass of the servant Job. Mary Rourke was at once intense and sympathetic as Ustane, and Edmund Gurney scored heavily as a jealous Amahager.

Perhaps the most amusing incident of the evening came after the curtain had finally fallen, when H. R. Haggard, who, in his desire to escape observation, had hidden himself in front of the most conspicuous box in the house, stood up and bowed violently, much to the astonishment of the audience, whose mingled groans and cheers were for the time being temporarily hushed. Hereupon Haggard burst forth into speech, and declared that we all owed very much to Miss Sophie Eyre, and that, though she—meaning the play and not Sophie—was not wholly without faults, yet there was in her—I mean she—magnificent possibilities, and it might with very little trouble be made one of the best plays in the world. Haggard was proceeding to give the reasons for the faith which is in him when the audience good humoredly laughed him down, and we all came away. The burlesque project, of which I told you some time ago, is "off."

The Olympic was reopened on Saturday by Agnes Hewitt, who again tried her luck with The Ticket of Leave Man, with Henry Neville as Bob Brierly (of which he was the original representative here a quarter of a century back). I have seen Neville play this part often, but never so well as on Saturday. Agnes was very nice and sympathetic as May Edwards, a part I was afraid she would not be able to manage satisfactorily. J. P. Burnett was the Hawkshaw of the evening. He was all right in the quieter scenes, but seemed rather afraid of the main points. Frank Motley Wood was a very good Melter Moss, but was extravagantly made up. Undoubtedly the best male impersonation, next to Neville's, was the Gibson of a little low comedian named R. Courtneidge. I don't suppose that I shall ever see Gibson played better, and I don't know that I want to. Jennie Lee was the Sam Willoughby, a part which (clever and powerful actress as she is) she never, to my thinking, could grasp. On Saturday night she commenced by making me think I should have to take all this back, but before she had been long upon the stage she indulged in such extravagant and fantastic tricks as to occasionally interfere with some question of the play. I suspect Jennie must have fancied she was playing the part in Australia, where she used, I am told, to perform this piece under the somewhat modest title of Sam Willoughby; or, The Ticket of Leave Man.

The Tiger of the revival was Charles Sugden, a comedian who some years ago distinguished himself (or thought he did) by carrying off the Countess of Desart, whom he afterward married. Sugden had up till Friday been playing the villain in Bootle's Baby at the Globe, and according to his agreement with the Globe lessees, Edith Woodworth and Edgar Bruce, his engagement there would not terminate until the 29th inst. Edith and Edgar therefore enjoined Sugden, but he appeared at the Olympic on Saturday night all the same, thereby committing contempt of court. For this crime Sugden, who said he was under the impression that his engagement terminated on Sept. 7, was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment and was also condemned to pay all costs. This morning, however, Sugden's name was still in the Olympic announcements. The Olympic has also had other trouble by reason of a fire which broke out yesterday at No. 6 Wych Street and at one time threatened to do serious damage to the theatre.

Willie Edouin, who announces that he will reopen the Strand on Saturday next, has also been threatened with injunctions. One of the pieces Edouin has announced is Byron's burlesque rewritten up to date, and owing to the lax state in which Byron left his affairs several people have claimed the fees for this, and have warned Edouin that dreadful things will happen to him if he disobeys their injunctions. The second piece promised by Edouin is also likely to cause Edouin some worry, as a couple of people have claimed the story which Melford says he bought to serve as a basis for the plot. Meanwhile Edouin continues rehearsing both these pieces vigorously.

Mr. F. T. Potter, acting manager to George Edwards, of the Gaiety, is by now busy in your midst arranging for the forthcoming visit to America of Nelly Farren, Fred Leslie, Marion Hood, Charles Danby and the rest of the Gaiety travelling company, who open at your Standard Theatre on or about Nov. 12. You will find Potter genial albeit dominated by a strict attention to business.

Mr. Richard Davey, who is not altogether unknown on your side, has committed a one-act drama entitled Lesbia, which is to go on presently at the Lyceum in front of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. By the way, Richard Mansfield now quotes among his opinions of the press certain remarks on good and evil which were written by our old friend Paul, who was at one time known as Saul of Tarsus. Henry Irving and company started a tour last Monday, commencing at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Marion Terry has gone along to take the place of Ellen pro tem.—Edward Solomon, the musical composer, whose name is not altogether unfamiliar to New Yorkers, is, it is said, about to take unto himself yet another wife. The new bride elect is Miss Kate Everleigh, whose name also is not entirely unknown in the States.—G. W. Appleton, the American novelist and Lecture-and-Entertainment-Bureau-crut, is now acting as agent for all the biggest lecturers and enter-

tainers of all parts of the habitable globe. His list of clients now includes the names of Explorer H. M. Stanley, Archibald Forbes, Max O'Rell, Will Carleton, Adelaide D'Arson, Prince Krapotkin, Emily Faithfull, Clement Scott, B. L. Farjeon, Kate and Isabel Bateman and Charles Dickens. With regard to young Dickens' recent American tour, which was managed by Appleton, there has been some trouble, but peace now reigns, for C. D. has agreed to G. W. A.'s demands on the question of fees by way of commission.

The Spy, a new one-act drama by Cecil Raleigh, part author of The Great Pink Pearl and one or two other striking works, will be put on at the Comedy next Wednesday in front of Uncles and Aunts.—The fiftieth night of the Union Jack arrived at the Adelphi last night. I looked in to report progress and found the piece going strong and well.—A new Court Theatre is announced to be ready for opening on the 24th inst. The piece of the occasion will be Sydney Grundy's adaptation of Les Surprises du Divorce, which has been christened Mamma.—The favorite French melodrama L'As de Trèfle has been adapted for Uncle Samuel French by Arthur Shirley, who will call the piece The Ace of Clubs.—The Kendalls have just purchased the English rights of a German romantic drama entitled Urbain Sansonnet, the Jester.—Sir Randall Roberts, who has traveled in your parts, has gone into partnership with T. E. Smale (husband of Charlotte Elliott) for a six nights' season at the Royalty. They will produce a new piece written by a Miss Burford and entitled A Fair Bigamist, which seems to me to be an old title anyway.

As though we had not already suffered enough from the discussion entitled Is Marriage a Failure?—which is still filling the columns of the Daily Telegraph—several daring dramatists have threatened us with plays upon the subject. This (Thursday) afternoon there is to be given at the Crystal Palace a special performance of The Merry Wives of Windsor, with what looks like a particularly brilliant cast. I am just off to see it, so no more at present from yours truly,

GAWAIN.

One of the costliest souvenirs ever given at a theatrical performance is now being gotten up for the celebration of the fiftieth performance of A Legal Wreck at the Madison Square Theatre on next Monday night. It consists of a case such as is used for holding legal documents, with the night's programme inserted. The book will be of oxidized silver, the covers being shut with a silver clasp. Raised letter-work enhances the design. The book will also contain pen and ink sketches of the play.

Rehearsals for Queen Indigo, one of Strauss' earlier works, to be produced in Boston on Oct. 15 by Robert Grau's Opera company, will begin on Monday next. There will be eighty people in the company, numbering fifty members in the chorus. The costumes are being made in this city. Corydon F. Craig will manage the organization and attend to matters in front, while Mr. Grau will have charge of everything pertaining to the stage.

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Under the personal management of
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PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather most of the city houses did a good business last week. The Boston Globe and the Museum make no change of bill this week, and probably will not for some time to come. The Crystal Sloop is a conductor of opera, and the second and Little Lord Fauntleroy at the third, each differing from the other in every respect, appeal with equal force to the general theatergoer, and there will be few at the end of the season who have not seen all three.

Disney opened to a rousing house at the Hollis Street Monday night. The play, Adonia, has seen many changes since its run at the same house last year. New and attractive features have been introduced, and there have been some changes in the cast for the better.

The Howard Athenaeum stage is held this week by Barry and Fay's new piece, McKenna's Flirtation. It is produced with special scenery and new music, and is very funny. Annie Pixley is still at the Park in The Deacon's Daughter.

Radical changes are to be made in The Crystal Sloop at the Boston, the first performance of the reorganized play being set down for Oct. 1.—F. C. Packard, for many years the leading tenor in the Carl Rosa English Opera troupe, and who has been abroad for some time, is expected to visit this city, where he will in future reside.—A testimonial benefit was given last Saturday evening at Music Hall to A. Neundorff to commemorate the completion of his twenty-five years service as a conductor of opera, and orchestra in this country.—Lord Lumley comes to the Hollis Street the last week in November.—Next week the Rents Santley troupe, with new scenery and costumes, comes to the church where the famous opera, The B. J. Opera Co., has been quite ill the past week, but is now better.—The funeral of William Warren took place at noon on Monday at Trinity Church. The attendance at the church was very large, and included some of the most distinguished people in the city. The services were conducted by the Rev. Philip Brooks, and the remains were deposited in Mount Auburn. The casket and table on which it stood at the church were literally buried in flowers, which came from every part of the country.

PHILADELPHIA.

There was a slight improvement in business during the past week, but it was still nothing to boast of.

The most important event of the week was the initial production of *Patience*, which was given at the Mythen Jan. at the Chestnut Street Theatre. The announcement of the production of a new opera by the authors of *Kismet* was sufficient to crowd the house upon the opera, and the result was a very successful one. The scene is laid in Holland during the occupancy of the Spaniards, but apart from the costumes there is nothing in the work to give it local color. The distribution of the work is in the hands of the Guild, of which Mythen Jan is the head, and which is responsible for most of the action as well as the fun. Of course the hero loves a maiden who is beloved by somebody else, and at last the girl is won by somebody else, the unlucky party in this case being a certain Don Diego, a Spanish nobleman, of the dullest order, and the action of the work is caused by the efforts of Mythen Jan, assisted by the other students, to get the noble son of the Guild, the chief comedy role, to the sister of the Guild, an office filled by a retired butcher. After Mythen Jan has been arrested and tried by drum-head court martial for treason he is released, and he is discovered to be a noble son of the Guild, and all ends happily with a suggestion of marriage bells. The work lacks both the melody and the fun of *Kismet*. It is at times repellent, but it is in the main a congenial role, and a sort of a noble wily, but is a trifle too copious, and will bear cutting. However, there is nothing about it. The action of the play is extremely lively, the work is full of incidents, and the music is of a high order, and is well adapted to the action. The work is divided into three acts, of which, unfortunately, the first is by far the best, and the last is the worst. The picturesqueness, the comeliness, is praiseworthy, and the Amosian march, which is lugged into the second act, is at least pretty to look at.

The opera was well received, and most of the members of the Guild, having proved fully satisfactory. The house was certainly borne away by Clara Lane, the new prima donna, whose singing and acting were worthy of the highest praise. She captured the hearts of the first five minutes of her stay. The role of Mythen Jan is well suited to Mr. Carleton, and he sang exceedingly well and acted with much spirit. Charles Drew filled in Hans, the ex-butcher, and just to the Guild, a congenial role, and a sort of a noble wily, but is a trifle too copious, and will bear cutting. However, there is nothing about it. The action of the play is extremely lively, the work is full of incidents, and the music is of a high order, and is well adapted to the action. The work is divided into three acts, of which, unfortunately, the first is by far the best, and the last is the worst. The picturesqueness, the comeliness, is praiseworthy, and the Amosian march, which is lugged into the second act, is at least pretty to look at.

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her last week, upon the stage of the National with a handsome necklace.

CHICAGO.

Large and fashionable audiences have filled Hooley's Theatre, and given liberal applause to the performance of *The Wife by the Lucern*. The opera setting of the individual of the members of the company have been simply written about, and it is unnecessary to say more now except that the work of Herbert Kelly, Georgia Cavan and Mr. LeMoine is particularly good and receives the most unstinted praise. The same bill this week.

The Emma Abbott Opera Co. has filled the Grand every night, a great many people attending who do not go to a theatre, and the opera has been closed two weeks at the Opera House to really big business. This week the Booth-Barrett Co. in Julius Caesar, Mr. Booth as Brutus and Barrett as Cassius. Next week Merchant of Venice, and the third week Othello.

Grandfather's Clock made a hit at the People's, and large houses followed. This week Charles K. Verner in Shamus O'Brien. Sid C. France in Jealousy Oct. 1. C. E. Verner was quite successful at the Haymarket in the Hibernian drama, and the opera is one of the best Irish comedies now before the public. This week His Royal Highness, a new comedy, with Jacques Kruger, Telia Evans, James O. Barrows and Richard Quilley. Murray and Murphy.

H. R. Jacobs' Academy is drawing fine audiences by offering good attractions. One of the finest did a good week's business. This week *U. S. & Co. Zita* Oct. 1. Lillian Lewis is a romantic and emotional drama, and a prosperous week at the Windsor. This week Sisson and Brady's Co. in Little Nugget.

McKee Rankin and Mabel Bert in The Runaway Wife had a fairly good week at the Criterion. One of the finest this week.

Dore Davidson and Ramie Austin will do Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde at the Standard this week.

The Combia is all ready for the opening. Oct. 1. The Duff Opera Co. will dedicate the house in Queen's Mate. Patrons of the old theatre will hardly recognize in this gorgeous and comfortable new interior the auditorium in which it used to be hard to see and harder to hear what was going on behind the footlights. Manager Morton now has a theatre that vies in elegance and convenience any of the houses in America.

ST. LOUIS.

The arrival of Gimore and his famous band affected the attendance at the theatres and, as he will continue to give concerts twice a week, the business will be a mediocre. This week business will boom again with Michael Strogoff. Next, James A. Herne in Drilling Apart.

Joseph H. Keane was the stellar attraction at the Academy of Music last week in Mrs. Partington and Rip Van Winkle. A good specialty co. appeared also. Business very good. This week Vienna Ladies' Fencing and Roving Co.

Ellis Russell's concert at Music Hall last Thursday evening was a financial and artistic success. The Park Theatre opens this (Monday) night, with The Twelve Temptations. Every seat sold.—Ella Russell and her mother sailed on the former boat on Wednesday last.—Sam J. Wheeler remains as leading man in the Academy of Music dramatic stock co.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Rice's Evangelists began its season at the Baldwin Theatre before a large but unsympathetic audience last night. Mr. Rice was in the conductor's chair in place of the regular director of the orchestra, Max Herschfeld, and the change was not for the better by any means. The performance of the performance was smooth in spots only. Rice lost his temper, which made the players uncomfortable. Their discomfort made the audience uneasy. Probably the performance was the worst since Mr. Rice gets more acquainted with the orchestra.

The Lew's Morrison co. produced Pasion's Slave at the Alcazar last night. Florence Kline created another pleasing impression as Clothilde. The performance was brilliant in Starlight at the Bush Street Theatre.

This is the seventh week of Billy Emerson's Minstrel show, and it is in the opinion of old admirers well, when their clientele will be reconsidered.

This is Campbell's second week at the Tivoli Opera House. He is singing the Count in *Travatore*. Arthur Mesmer and Henri Lambert alternate in *Maestro*, and his mother, who has recovered from her serious illness, reappears as Azucena. Faust comes next.

Items: J. H. Lewis is sued for \$100 by R. S. Colvin, who took a shorthand copy of *As in a Looking Glass* for her during Mrs. Langtry's recent California Theatre engagement.—San Francisco ladies have raved over the beautiful gowns worn by May Brooks during the Palmer engagement.—Marcus Henry has been appointed music director of the Spanish Opera Co., which will arrive here in December next.

CLEVELAND.

Tillotson's Zig-Zag Co. has drawn a succession of good audiences to the Opera House all week. The last night of the season was a very successful one.

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NEW ORLEANS.

Faranta's Theatre opened auspiciously 15th. The Weston Brothers appeared in *The Way of the World* to that class of entertainment in keeping up the variety all week. The Westons are clever in their specialties. The play has very little merit, but it is suited to the stars. The co. is fair. J. H. Shields' Novelty co. 15th.

The Avenue Theatre will open for the season 30th, with Carrie Tutein, in *Struck Gas*, as the attraction. The Academy of Music and St. Charles Theatre will open the following week, with George Wilson's Minstrel show. The latter house will open with the Banquet King at the latter. The Ivy Leaf will follow at the Academy, and Robert Downing at the St. Charles Theatre, week of Oct. 7.

W. Keane will open one of the prettiest theatres in the South, Oct. 7. The new house will be thrown open for inspection to invited guests Oct. 4th, on the invitation of H. Greenwall and Son, the lessees.

JERSEY CITY AND HOBOKEN.

Zig-Zag is the attraction at the Academy of Music this week. The play is of the Hott type, but superior to that class of entertainment in keeping up the variety all week. The Turkish band scene of the second and third acts is new and exceedingly funny. The co. is clever, the singing above the average and the performance is full of oddities and frolics. Sus Reed portrays a verdant countryman in an inimicable manner, and Messrs. Whelan, Ott and Kyle are very clever in various sketches. The young women are graceful and comely, but a slight variation in some of the costumes would need the approval of the more particular in the audience. The opening performance was witnessed by a large house, and passed off smoothly amid roars of laughter and enthusiastic applause. The troupe here promises to be very successful. Next week the Howard Athenaeum Specialty Co.

At Jacobs' Theatre N. S. Wood, supported by an excellent dramatic co., appeared last week in *The Week of Days*. The play is a good one, and the audience evidently well pleased with the sensational melodrama. The cast includes G. W. Thompson, Neil Florence, Jerome Slants, G. W. Pike, Ada Morton, Nell Marshall, a clever child called Little Rose, and others. This week lights of London hold the boards. It is produced by H. R. Jacobs. The play opened to good house.

Cronheim's Theatre drew good houses all week of the good specialty co., headed by the Big Four. The co. included the Rogers Brothers, Fred and Jennie Mackley, Howard and Felix William Ruge, C. G. Gormont, Musical Dale and Emma Lee. They were rapidly accepted as funmakers, and who will need the performances. This week Gus Hill and an excellent co. opened to a big house and gave a good variety entertainment. Gus generally surrounds himself with the first class co.

Item: Manager Cronheim is about to make several alterations and improvements in his house, but this will be done, however, without closing. He still gives two good samplings of the theatre, and the good house at Jacobs' and good houses are the result.—Harry Semon says the prospects are good for the season notwithstanding the present political excitement.—This place stands on Sunday, as does also Manager Semon, upper part of Jersey City owing to the convenient traveling facilities, and the West side of New York City sends over a large contingent every Sunday.—Gus Hill opens his season here this week.

PITTSBURGH.

The record for the week ending and may be summed up as follows: The White Slave did very large business at the Bijou, as also did the Lilly Clay Burle co. at the Academy and Edwin F. Mayo with his new play, *Silver Age*, at Harris'.—Will Wilkes in Gwynne's *The Heart of the Matter* at the Grand Opera House.

This is our Centennial week, and this smoky burg's streets are a moving mass of humanity, and a bewildering bower of beauty meets the gaze of thousands of strangers, and all the while the city is decorated with the telegraph poles up to our new mammoth County Court House. The theatres are all beautiful and tastefully decorated within and without, and the attractions are almost endless. Everything is making order.

The Grand Opera House is doing business with Sol Smith Russell as its magnet, while the attraction at the Bijou is Hoyt's Hole in the Ground.

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BROOKLYN.

Frederick Ward's week at the Grand Opera House was in all respects most successful. Gaiety was the only play presented, and it was put on in splendid style. Duff's co. in *Up to Africa* did a very large business on Monday evening last. Next week A. Hole in the Ground.

At the Park, Herne's Drifting Apart drew large audiences all week. It was produced on Monday evening by A. M. Palmer's J. m. Penman co. Business was good. Next week, Carleton's Opera Co. A bunch of Kites crowded the Brooklyn Theatre at

every performance. On Monday Stephens and Gray in *The Old Oaken Bucket* pleased large audiences at both performances. Next week, Lost in London.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Marianne Claret in the title role, did well last week. Pat Rooney in *Pat's Wardrobe* began what promises to be a prosperous week on Monday evening.

Shirley and Blakely's co. played to packed houses at Hyde and Belmont's all week. On Monday last the Rents Santley co. played to large business. Next week Kernell's co.

The Crimes of New York, which attracted good business to the Standard last week, succeeded on Monday by Thomas and Watson's co. The house was well filled.

BROOKLYN, E. D.

Kentucky played to fair houses at Lee Avenue Academy last week. Redmond and Barry, in *Hermione*, or *Cross of Gold*, to packed and enthusiastic house. Next week, A Possible Case.

Jim Penman played to good houses at the Amphion last week. Charles Gayler's new melodrama, *Light and Shadow*, to good house. Next week, Duff Opera Co., in *Tripto Africa*.

Over the Garden Wall opened Monday, 24th, to a packed house at Proctor's Novelty. Next week, Bunch of Kites.

LOUISVILLE.

The Pearl of Pekin did an immense business at Macaulay's. Louis Harrison has a very strong part which he plays wonderfully well. The costumes and stage setting are gorgeous. Irene Verona, Phil Brown and John C. Lewis were warmly welcomed by old admirers and new. The house was crowded, and the business was good. This week, Zozo and R. L. Downing three nights each.

Later on at the Masonic hall drew very large business. It is an unmitigated go and the people in support are well suited to their parts. W. H. Power in *Ivy Leaf* and Lizzie Evans follow.

Harris attraction was F. F. Baker in *The Emigrant* recently. It serves to introduce to his well-known German specialties and a really first class co. in some elegant costumes. E. F. Mayo in *The Silver Age* 24th.

Fair business ruled at the New Buck where Maudood's *Pick* was given. H. W. Thompson in *Black Bess* this week.

Items: Myra Goodwin, although billed with *Later On*, did not appear. She was left in Cincinnati, Georgia, in a very unbecoming way. Her past, Little Grace, of F. F. Baker's co., is a native of Louisville. She is an unusually intelligent child artist.—A benefit is projected for the yellow fever sufferers at which members of all the visiting co. will participate.

ALABAMA.

Academy of Music (Louis Gerstman, manager): The season opens Oct. 15, with Wallick's Cattle King. Newton Beer's *Lost in London* comes 15th. A Grass Widow 15th.

BIRMINGHAM.

O'Brien's Opera House (F. P. O'Brien, manager): The Opera House threw open its doors Friday, 14th, for the first time this season. George Wilson's Minstrel show was the attraction. The house was crowded, and every available seat being taken before the curtain went up. Matinee, 15th, and evening performance were well patronized. The show is undeniably a good one, and deserves the great success with which it is meeting throughout the entire South. Carrie Tutein and co. presented Struck Gas to good houses 15-20. The star is a fair soubrette, but was sadly out of voice. Her support is not calculated to create much enthusiasm, and the play grows exceedingly tiresome at times.

Casino Theatre (Harry Walker, manager): This house continues to present a good variety bill to fair business. Prof. Lilly says he has secured an orchestra of finished musicians.

Items: Birmingham Lodge of Elks gave an elegant social session 15th in honor of George Wilson's Minstrels. It was a most enjoyable affair.—Bennie Williams last season at the Birmingham Theatre. This season she has been appointed treasurer and press agent of O'Brien's Opera House.

HUNTSVILLE.

Opera House (Mary and Leach, managers): Good evening, Cook and Dillon's Minstrel opened the season to a good house 21st.

ANNISTON.

Noble Street Theatre (Joe Physic, manager): Good evening, Cook and Dillon's Minstrel will open this theatre for the season 24th.

Item: This house has just been remodeled and refitted throughout with new scenery and chairs, making it one of the best and finest houses in the South.

CALIFORNIA.

San Diego. Louis Opera House (Plato, Leach and Hyde, managers): Hettie Brandt Chase played *Rags* the Wild Cat to fair house 15th and more than fulfilled the promise of her managers. Max Chase is a very pleasing comedian, a good vocalist, and an exceptionally clever baritone. Her method is reminiscent of Evans, but contains many originalities. The supporting co. is well balanced. The play is of the musical comedy order, but if I mistake not, its name will prove it a "Jolly" unless a more euphonious title is adopted.

LOS ANGELES.

Grand Opera House (Harry C. Wyatt, manager): Herrmann did a big business week of 10th, giving unusual satisfaction. Madison Square Theatre co. last week in *The Emigrant*. Salts and Sinners, Partners, and Heart of Hearts to large business.

Academy of Music (T. W. Okey, manager): Apple's Congress of Novelties closed their second week's engagement 15th. Subbot, Dales and Putnam Sisters were especially good, and the co. was deserving of better patronage than it received.

Items: Seventeen new members were added to the Order of Elks last Sunday and several more to day. The order was started 30.—Sells' Circus comes Oct. 21.

SAN BERNARDINO.

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COLORADO.

Denver. The Kitty was at the Tabor 15th. Haverly's Minstrel show was the attraction. The house was crowded, and every available seat being taken before the curtain went up. Matinee, 15th, and evening performance were well patronized. The show is undeniably a good one, and deserves the great success with which it is meeting throughout the entire South. Carrie Tutein and co. presented Struck Gas to good houses 15-20. The star is a fair soubrette, but was sadly out of voice. Her support is not calculated to create much enthusiasm, and the play grows exceedingly tiresome at times.

LEADVILLE.

Tabor Opera House (J. H. Cragg, manager): A Tin Soldier to fair business 18-19.

CONNECTICUT.

Norwich. Breed Hall: Little Akermans opened to a packed house, 17th, and excellent business has continued all the week. "Seats all sold" greeting late comers nearly every night. Miss Akermans is very popular here, and deservedly so, as she is a bright and painstaking actress, and is constantly improving. Her co. this season is much better than last. Two new plays, written by herself, were given here, Peggy and Little Gretchen, the latter produced Saturday afternoon for the first time, showing thorough rehearsal. The light and bright side of the character of the little Gretchen was played in the first act in an admirable way, and was followed, as the play advanced, by serious acting of much strength. The co. have good parts as a whole, and the play was started with every indication of success. This week Bennett-Moulton Opera Co. in a round of popular opera.

HARTFORD.

Opera House (Jacobs and Proctor

NEW YORK MIRROR

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NEW YORK SEPTEMBER 29 1888.

So thou be good, slander doth but approve.

Poems.

*The New York Mirror has the Largest Dramatic Circulation in America.

The Advantage on Our Side.

A correspondent, writing from Paris, says that "high life" is barred against actors and actresses in France. "It is everywhere understood," says this writer, "that no actress enters a fashionable front door in Paris, except in her professional capacity. She comes to act or to recite, says her say and then departs, never mingling with the audience who have applauded her."

This state of affairs in a city where the drama is supposed to enjoy the distinction and dignity of ripe development, and where certain dramatic artists enjoy the support of government, is astonishing. The French public and press claim, with universal insistence, that the French stage leads the world in artistic culture and national importance, and the claim of superiority is accentuated by the refusal of both public and press to extend hospitality to, or even to tolerate foreign plays and players.

What, then, is the reason for the social exile of the actor in Paris? Why are actresses there used as fashionable entertainers but denied the privilege of meeting on a footing of social equality those that they entertain? Why is the player's work held in respect and the player herself in odium? Is the fault with society or with the profession?

Undoubtedly fashionable Paris is snobbish, like fashionable London and fashionable New York. Wealth will patronize genius when genius loses its self-respect and consents. Moreover the most immoral community under the sun will sham the most virtue, basing its conduct and its judgment on the principle that evil is good until it is found out. The plutocrats of Paris no doubt flatter their vanity in bringing artists into their salons for the purpose of amusing their guests, and the artists—lacking that true dignity which should be inseparable from their profession—are content to strut their brief hour, receive their pay like servants or artisans and go home by way of the back-door.

No doubt the immorality which pervades not only the Paris stage but all fashionable and artistic Paris has also something to do with regulating the social status of the actress. Snobdom is often aggressive in its hypocrisy; it will carefully cover up the traces of its own vice and at the same time expose and exorcise the ravages of the moral leprosy which it has communicated to others. Possibly the women of the French stage are rendered reckless by such an environment; losing respect for their profession they lose respect for themselves.

But whether any or all of these reasons explain the absence of social relations between French actors and the wealthy portion of the Paris public, we cannot help turning from the unsavory picture presented there to the wholesome conditions existing at home. In this country the men and women of the stage, providing they have such an equipment of breeding and intellect as is required in other people, may not only be admitted to, but honored in any refined and cultured society. It is not that actors have stood, hat in hand, humbly knocking at society's door for entrance; on the contrary, those that have chosen to mingle with the madding drawing-room crowd have done so without special reference to their professional capacity. The actress does not servilely go on the carpet to "perform." If she but have the same qualifications of personal character and social recommendations she is as welcome as anybody else.

The chief reason for the difference between the conditions in Paris and New York is that the American artiste who maintains her dignity and good name is eligible. It makes no difference whether the French actress does or does not—she is ineligible in both cases. The French critics may boast of the advancement of dramatic art in their own land, and they may sneer at its progress in the benighted elsewhere; but the fact remains that every socially and artistically worthy member of the American stage is privileged to enjoy the full meed of public and private esteem.

Managers Are Not Scared.

Paragraphs have appeared in several newspapers to the effect that the yellow fever outbreak in the South will cause enormous loss to theatrical managers. The *Times* states that "many stars and companies who had booked time in the South are cancelling their engagements," and adds that those engagements were unusually numerous this season.

Diligent inquiry among managers fails to substantiate these alarmist statements in any particular. In the first place the season in the South does not get under full headway until near the end of October, by which time Jack Frost will probably have vanquished Yellow Jack. Most of the few companies journeying thither meantime have cancelled no dates further than to modify their routes in rare cases so as to escape the boundaries of the fever section. The number that have cancelled is small, as will be seen by reference to a report printed elsewhere.

The few towns where the plague has appeared and the others that have felt it necessary to adopt precautionary measures are of little importance theatrically. Unless the scourge should spread beyond the limits which at present seem possible the South will not be avoided by the organizations now booked there.

Will the "Herald" Investigate?

The Paris correspondent of the *London Dramatic Review*, describing the recent appearance of Mr. Daly's company in the French capital, puts a very different complexion on the event to that derived from the cablegrams to our newspapers.

After applauding the manager for his daring in bringing over his company after its first failure, this writer says: "The production (The Taming of the Shrew) has not proved a success, and Mr. Daly's troupe has yet much to learn before it can expect to find favor before an Anglo-Parisian audience accustomed to the *finesse* and masterly rendering of French comedians." Mr. Daly need not have gone to Paris to discover that taking coals to Newcastle never is a wise stroke of business policy. However, it is possible that Mr. Daly wanted the advertisement; if so, he has got it, and no doubt will pay for it without grumbling.

But the chief point of interest to readers on this side of the water, in connection with the *Dramatic Review* article, is the extract given below, which follows an unfavorable quotation from the *Figaro*, whose critic, says our authority, is known to be subsidized heavily by the Paris theatres:

Such was the general tone of the French press, kindly indulgent to courteous return for the boxes placed at their disposal, while the praise of the *New York Herald* and *Gallie's Messenger* was bought.

The truth or the falsity of the foregoing assertion we do not know. But we do know that it is boldly made and conspicuously published in the columns of a journal whose tone is usually considerate and conservative, and whose statements we have generally found to be veracious and reliable. If the long and fulsome cabled account of the first of the Daly company's three representations in Paris that appeared in the *Herald* was paid for by Mr. Daly, that newspaper owes a duty to itself and to journalism which should result in a rigid investigation. The *Herald* is honest, and it demands that its writers shall be. It is a stalwart champion of Mr. Dana's famous newspaper maxims. If its Paris representative has been guilty of bribe-taking, the *Herald* will undoubtedly ascertain that fact, and act according to the dictates of a just policy.

Currie Caged at Last.

The Texan desperado, James Currie, has been convicted in a New Mexico court for killing a man in that State last Winter and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary.

It is now nearly ten years since this man Currie murdered actor Benjamin C. Porter in cold blood at Marshall, Texas, but the circumstances of that dastardly crime are still clearly remembered by the profession. The drunken ruffian insulted an estimable actress belonging to the Diplomacy company, in the railway sta-

tion, and when Porter attempted to protect her he shot him dead.

The tragedy itself, however, created no less indignation than did the verdict of the packed jury which acquitted Currie of the crime.

The news that this dangerous character is at last behind the bars of a prison will be read by every professional with hearty satisfaction, although the lightness of the penalty will mar it somewhat.

Perhaps if Currie lives out his sentence and then murders a few more men without provocation he may be punished eventually in some degree approximating his deserts.

Personal.

GOODWIN.—Myra Goodwin has resigned from the Later On company.

BARRYMORE.—George Drew Barrymore is playing Violet Mendoza in *A Possible Case*.

DAVENPORT.—Fanny Davenport's rehearsals of *La Tosca* begin at the Lyceum Theatre next week.

GILLETTE.—William Gillette, who has been away from the city for two weeks, returns today (Thursday).

HENDERSON.—A. C. Henderson has sent in his resignation as leading man of Edwin Arden's company.

HILFORD.—Marie Hilford is negotiating for a new play, which she will probably put on the road next Spring.

LEVICK.—Gus Levick, who recently returned from the Pacific Slope, has several offers under consideration.

CHAMLER.—Amelie Rives-Chamler witnessed the performance of *Boccaccio* at Wallack's Theatre on Monday night.

PIXLEY.—It is said that Annie Pixley was recently offered a guarantee of \$30,000 for a season of twenty weeks in Australia.

WALTERS.—Clara Jean Walters arrived from San Francisco today (Thursday). She will join *A Legal Wreck* next Monday.

SOTHERN.—E. H. Sothern is now at work on some outline sketches of scenes in *Lord Chumley* which are to be used for a souvenir.

PAYNE.—Virginia Payne is at her home Delaplane. She is a versatile Virginia girl who was with Rose Coghlan's company formerly.

DEAVES.—Ada Deaves is reported to have made a hit with *Kate Castleton* in *A Paper Doll*, which opened its season in Syracuse on Monday night.

HARRIGAN.—On Monday evening Edward Harrigan was presented with a handsome whip by a party of United States officials who visited the theatre.

TAYLOR.—Howard P. Taylor is at present engaged on a four act melodrama of New York life, for Louise Litta, who proposes to produce it in London first.

CARLYLE.—Marie Carlyle, who made a hit last season with Daly's *Upside Down* company, has arrived in the city. She is looking for an engagement.

HAINES.—Pretty little Lydia Haines, the young actress who has been ill for some time past, is reported to be dying of consumption at her home in this city.

BANDMANN.—Daniel E. Bandmann, who is now on his ranch, will open his season about the end of November with a play by Tom Taylor entitled *Dead or Alive*.

FLETCHER.—Ed. Fletcher, the courteous young treasurer of the Broadway Theatre, is to be married on Tuesday next at Boston to Miss Weathers, of Dedham, Mass.

WALLACK.—Had Lester Wallack lived he would probably have been seen as the old Earl in *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. Negotiations to that end were begun shortly before his death.

KNAPP.—Mr. Knapp, manager of the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, arrived in this city last week on the *Anchoria*. He will make a pleasure trip to Chicago, San Francisco and Winnipeg.

JEFFERSON.—Joseph Jefferson's first semi-annual tour will begin this season next week at Pittsburg. Early in November Mr. Jefferson is to play an engagement at the Fifth Avenue.

NORDICA.—Mme. Lillian Nordica, the soprano, arrived last Saturday on the *Etruria*. She is not on a professional visit this season, but may bring a company over from Paris in the near future.

POTTER.—Mrs. James Brown Potter arrived by the *Champagne* from France on Sunday, and left at once for Tuxedo, where she will remain while the rehearsals of her company are going on in this city.

GOATCHER.—Al. Hayman has contracted with Paul Goatcher to paint a drop curtain for the New California Theatre. He also paints the new scenery for the production of *Held by the Enemy* at Palmer's.

VANDERFELT.—E. H. Vanderfelt has been engaged for one of the leading roles in Mr. Barnes of New York, which is to be presented at the Broadway on Oct. 15. The title role will be played by W. G. Gilmore.

ROSA.—Patti Rosa has made quite a hit as Bob in England. Both artiste and company have received flattering notices from the press, although the play is only tolerated as a good medium for the clever little woman's talents.

MCKEEVER.—Universally popular John McKeever is back at his post in the Madison Square Theatre. He has been ill for several months with sciatica, but he hopes to ward off any further attacks by sticking to daily electrical treatment.

LAVIN.—W. J. Lavin, a young American tenor, has just returned from London, where he has appeared with marked success. He will sing at the Worcester Festival next week, and has also been engaged as the leading tenor of the Juch Operatic Concert company.

TILLOTSON.—W. W. Tillotson has a money-maker in *Zig Zag*. If the piece makes as good an impression here as it has elsewhere it will be brought to town for a run after the fortnight engagement at the Star, which begins on Monday next.

SHERIDAN.—The differences between Emma V. Sheridan and Richard Mansfield have been adjusted, and Miss Sheridan, who was on the eve of sailing for New York, will remain in the latter's company. The statement of an evening paper that Mr. Mansfield "held her to her contract" is inaccurate, as the reverse was the case.

ARTHUR.—Joseph Arthur's portrait appears on the first page of this issue. Mr. Arthur's play, *The Still Alarm*, is a go at the London Princess, and a special company has been sent into the provinces with it. He has been more fortunate than most of the American dramatists who have ventured into the British capital with their works.

HAWORTH.—Joseph Haworth thinks that he has been hardly used by Manager Hill. He claims that the latter has not fulfilled his promise to make Haworth the stellar feature of Philip Herne. When the matter is referred to in Mr. Hill's presence he merely smiles, strokes his whiskers and says, "The receipts have steadily picked up. Saturday night the theatre was filled."

NATALI.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer's* description of the effect of Miss Natali's rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer" at the farewell performance of the American Opera company in that city last Saturday was a rare curio in Quaker City criticism. It was stated that the audience seemed to hold their breath as they listened. Not a programme fluttered nor a person coughed. The songstress held all hearts. A touch of the cool September air as it swept in through the open windows and the occasion seemed to emphasize the sad sweetness of the appropriate theme. The dropping of a pin might have readily been distinguished in the oppressive silence. Finally, "A multiplied sigh like the sighing of the wind greeted her fading words." Mr. G. W. Childs ought to lasso the *Inquirer's* writer. He would make a valuable addition to the *Ledger's* obituary staff.

Mr. Wallack's Reminiscences.

In the October number of *Scribner's Magazine*, just issued, the first of the three instalments of Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years" appears. Published so shortly after the death of the lamented actor-manager these memorabilia possess a peculiarly melancholy interest.

It would seem, from the suggestion of the introductory note, that these recollections were not written by Mr. Wallack himself, but gathered by some unnamed transcriber from a series of chats with the departed veteran. While they are given in the first person, they have the unconventional familiarity and absence of effort and effect which would show in the shorthand reproduction of an after-dinner talk. "They do not pretend to be complete or consecutive," says the introduction, "or even to be what is termed literature; only the memories, social and professional, of half a century; affectionately inscribed to the audiences the speaker has addressed in other days and in other ways." So considered, these memories will gracefully achieve their stated object.

Mr. Wallack's dramatic experience was so vast and his opportunities for study and observation of the New York stage so great that had he felt the ambition and had he possessed the ability to give his memoirs to the world in skillful and permanent form they would unquestionably have proved a valuable and interesting acquisition to theatrical literature. But Mr. Wallack was never very serious nor very ambitious in respect to the literary aspect of the stage, and the result is that we have lost a book which might have been of perpetual benefit to dramatic students. The article in *Scribner's* is eminently characteristic of Mr. Wallack, as he was popularly regarded. There is in it a liberal infusion of the dash and superficial sparkle for which he was noted in his prime, and in his anecdotes and reminiscences of famous people with whom he was brought in contact at various stages of his experience it is clearly shown that trivialities made a deeper impression on the author's memory than anything else. Of critical estimate on the work of his companions in the past there is little, and that little shows a dearth of thoughtful analysis and a lack of adequate descriptive power.

Mr. Wallack begins with an account of his first appearance in public at an English school exhibition, and then goes pleasantly along with a series of detached recollections of his early years on the stage and some of the people he met and played with. Included among these are Helen Faucit, whom Mr. Wallack describes as "one of the most sympathetic actresses who ever walked the English stage." Gustavus Brooke, who once helped himself to a favorite pair of John Lester's trunks; Charles Mathews, George Vandenhoff, John Gilbert, Charlotte Cushman, W. R. Blake, Thomas H. Daway and others whose names are conspicuous in theatrical annals. The stories with which the paper is interspersed are told in a genial fashion, and some of them hit off the foibles of actors well known to the older generation of playgoers.

The illustrations accompanying the article are excellent. They comprise an admirable full page portrait of Mr. Wallack from a photograph taken at Stamford last July, a smaller picture showing him as he was eighteen years ago, and a full page engraving of him in the character of Leon Delmar in *The Veteran*. There are also vignettes of Henry Wallack, Brooke, Mathews, Luzzo and Dollie Davenport, James Wallack, Beckett, Farren, Cushman, George Barrett, James Wallack, Jr., George Vandenhoff, Blake, Hadaway, Tom

Placide and a cut representing the old Broadway Theatre.

In the Courts.

THE MOTION WAS DENIED.

An attempt was made last week to get permission from the Supreme Court to resume the rebuilding of the Union Square Theatre in accordance with the original plans filed with the Building Department. When Charles E. Vernam, the lessee of the Morton House, last month secured the injunction restraining the trustees of the Courtlandt Palmer estate from using certain spaces and portions of the property which he had leased, in order to rebuild the theatre in accordance with the plans, he was required to furnish a bond in the sum of \$10,000 to secure the trustees for any damages they might sustain in case the injunction is eventually vacated.

The trustees have appealed to the General Term of the court from the order of injunction, and last Friday applied to Judge O'Brien to stay the operation of the injunction pending the appeal, and thus permit them to continue the work on the theatre which had been interrupted by the injunction. George H. Forster made the application for the estate, which was opposed by ex-Judge A. J. Dittenhoefer for Mr. Vernam. The latter argued that the court had no authority to stay the operation of the injunction pending the appeal. He contended that if the injunction was temporarily vacated, and was subsequently sustained on appeal, his client would have no redress, as the very acts which he now complains of will have been completed.

The Judge denied the motion, so the injunction is still in force.

THE MARSDEN WILL CONTEST.

Surrogate Ransom has ordered a reference to his son, Porte V. Ransom, to take testimony over the will of Frederick Marsden, in the contest which has been instituted by his daughter, Blanche E. Marsden.

The latter was disinherited by a codicil which her father executed a short time before he committed suicide. In making the contest she declares that he was mentally incapable of making the codicil at the time it was executed, and she also accuses her mother of undue influence. The reference will proceed in a short time.

MISS AVALON GETS A JUDGMENT.

Irene Avalon secured a judgment the other day from Judge Alfred Sieckler, in the Fourth District Court, for \$32 against George L. Harrison. The claim was for a balance of salary due.

Miss Avalon on the 27th of August entered into a contract with Mr. Harrison to take the part of Mrs. Walker in the *In His Power* company, at a salary of \$35 a week. The company appeared at the Winsor Theatre in this city, and after being on the road for a short season disbanded. There was then due the actress \$40, and she received \$8 on account.

She sued the manager to recover the balance of her salary, and, as he did not appear to defend the suit, Judge Sieckler gave her a judgment for the amount of her claim, with costs.

THE DRAMATIC FUND GRAB

Referee Charles W. West took further testimony (Tuesday) with regard to the application of the American Dramatic Fund Association for a voluntary dissolution. Several witnesses, members of the Association, were examined by Stephen H. Olin, the counsel for the Fund, and testified that the Association was in an impoverished condition, and that out of the 72 members interested in the Fund, only two had dissented from the dissolution of the Association. Those two were J. H. McVicker, of Chicago, and Shields Howard, of Scotland. The income of the Fund for the year 1888 was \$2,559.88, while in 1878 it was \$3,191.43. The receipts during the past ten years have fallen off sixty per cent. For several years past it has been impossible to hold the regular monthly meetings for the reason that no quorums could be obtained.

A letter written by Fanny Davenport on January 4th last was procured at the hearing. She is a member of the American Dramatic Fund Association and also of the Actors' Fund Association. In this letter, written six months ago, she stated that she regretted exceedingly the final result of the Fund and thought that the older members should receive more proportionately if the Fund was distributed.

David Geiber, representing ex-Judge Dittenhoefer, the counsel for the actress, objected to the introduction of this letter because it did not contain her present views in regard to the Fund. Her desire is that the Fund should not be distributed, as intended among numerous members who have sufficient means to do without, but that it should be placed with the Actors' Fund Association, where it can be used to benefit needy members of the profession.

Another hearing will be had next week.

A Post Election Boom.

The advent of Autumn weather has inured largely to the prosperous business of the metropolitan theatres. The houses where the financial results have been of the most gratifying character are notably the Academy of Music, with *The Old Homestead*; Niblo's Garden, with *Mathias Sandorf*; the Lyceum Theatre, with *Lord Chumley*; Wallack's, with *Boccaccio*, and the Casino with *Nacvy*. But the present prosperity of the theatres will be greatly augmented during the latter part of October and early in November. About this period the strongest attractions of the season will open simultaneously, and the managers who are not in the charmed circle will have to put forward their best attractions to make an impression.

In the first place, Mary Anderson will follow the C. C. Quinn Hading company at Palmer's on Nov. 12; Booth and Barrett will inaugurate a season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre about the same date; the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera will be running at the Casino; there will be a new production at the Broadway, probably Mr. Barnes of New York; Mr. Palmer will open the season of the Madison Square with a fine stock company in *Partners*; the Lyceum Theatre stock company will be seen either in *Featherbrain* or *Sweet Lavender*, and Mr. Daly, who begins in a week or two with probably a preliminary season, will doubtless open his regular season with *Les Surprises du Divorce*.

The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The other day a stranger brought me a message from an actor who lay dying in one of the wards of the New York Hospital. It was a request to come to his bedside—he wanted to see me. I did not know the young man, even by name, and I confess that I wended my way to the mammoth abode of suffering in Sixteenth Street with the reluctance born of the natural dislike to seeing a fellow being in the dark shadow of death's wing.

I found the poor fellow terribly weak, emaciated and in intense pain. He was thoroughly aware that death might come in a few days or a few hours, and there was an irresistible pathos in the sweet and perfect resignation with which he contemplated his impending fate.

In a faint voice and with much effort he told me how he had left his mother in his own country, Australia, three years ago, to come to America and follow the stage. Here he did fairly well, alternately acting and managing a small company of his own, until last March, when he entered the New York Hospital to submit to a dangerous but necessary operation.

The doctors thought it was successful, and when Summer came he went up to the Catskills to recuperate. But a relapse ensued, and six weeks ago he re-entered the hospital—to die.

"It is strange," said the poor fellow, "how great the mortality has been in our profession this year. Death has been striking us down, the humble and the famous, with a relentless hand. Sometimes he is merciful—he is in my case."

I tried to say something which would seem sympathetic, but nothing but platitudes came to my lips, and my words sounded feeble and trite to my own ears.

"I expect to die any moment," he said, in accents that were a good deal firmer than mine, "and I can face the mystery without flinching. Two months back I would have thought it hard to go, for life seemed bright to me. Since then I have suffered a hundred deaths, and so when the call comes I shall cheerfully answer 'Ready!' I do not know whether there is an eternal life beyond the vista of this existence, but whether it be endless sleep or endless joy the future cannot, I am certain, contain more of suffering than the past."

I asked him whether there was anything I could do for him.

"Yes," he said. "The old folks at home in Australia read your paper, because sometimes it has contained some little thing about me. I want to ask you, when I am dead, to write just a line or two to let my mother know I was not afraid to die. It will comfort her."

Exhausted by this time he lay back gasping for breath on his cot. When I rose to leave he made the moment of parting less painful by muttering as he grasped my hand, "I won't say 'good-bye' but *au revoir*." Yet it was plain he knew that we would never meet again, at all events not this side of the grave.

On Thursday last the news reached me that he was dead.

I think that in the narration of this incident I have fulfilled the wish of the dead, for will it not show the sorrowing mother in far off Australia that her boy died like a hero, and will she not when she reads these lines find consolation in the knowledge that his last thought was for her?

If any of my readers wonder why I have given so much space to an event that in the journalistic valuation is only worth a mere mention, let me say that fortitude and heroism are as noble in the obscure as in the famous, and that this poor actor's bravery puts a laurel on his brow which marks a greater triumph than any he could have won upon the boards.

Perhaps now and then, a visitor to the Actors' Fund plot in the Cemetery of the Evergreens will, remembering this article, lay a flower on the grave whose headstone bears the name of Victor Guteman.

There is a noticeable improvement this season in the get-up of the programmes circulated in the New York theatres. Heretofore the average bill of the play has been an awkwardly shaped, tastelessly arranged, vilely printed affair, out of keeping with the tone of elegance and refinement which should prevail in a first-class metropolitan place of amusement. The greasy ink used was generally wet and it played havoc with women's gloves. The approved bill is a neat and artistic little pamphlet of several pages, in which the advertisements

are not eyesores and the paper is solid enough to prevent the rustle so irritating to actor's nerves. Still another advance is made in one or two cases by the suppression of grey-bearded jokes and the introduction of interesting reading matter. A brightly edited programme is a positive boon to the majority of the audience who remain in their seats during the *entr'actes*.

The *Tribune*, the *Evening Post* and the *Times* are the three daily newspapers in this city whose dramatic reviews are most distinguished for ripe scholarship and literary quality. But the *Times* manifests a curious and uncritical bias in favor of two managers—Col. McCaull and Mr. Daly. Without disparagement to either gentleman I may be permitted to remark, without much risk of contradiction, that there are several other managers in this metropolis. The *Times* is perfectly justified in awarding unlimited space and adjectives to the undertakings of the managerial duo in question, but it is scarcely fair that other theatrical directors, whose productions are of quite as much value to dramatic art and whose efforts enlist as large a share of public interest, should enjoy merely the casual attention of the *Times*. In these matters a serious and conscientious journal has a duty to perform that is broader than merely personal considerations admit. At all events, the *Times* marked and reiterated preference for verbiage chronicling and noticing the affairs of Messrs. Daly and McCaull has created remark and unfavorable comment among its professional readers.

A witty professional made a rather clever remark the other day that is worth setting down. A recent political document, in which the distinguished writer had used the plural "we" very freely in setting forth his own views of the tariff question, was being discussed.

"The privilege of using the plural pronoun 'we,'" observed the actor, "is, strictly speaking, confined to three classes of people, viz: royal personages, editors and men with tape-worms."

New Use for the Stage Tank.

The run of *The Paymaster* at the Star Theatre has been marked by a ludicrous episode, in which Mr. O'Sullivan Dimpfel, the husband of the Baltimore society lady who is a member of the company, is the chief actor. It is claimed that Mr. O'S. is connected with the bluest blood of Maryland, while in physique he is a Fred May, being of athletic build and six feet three inches in stature.

Mr. Dimpfel started in on the amusement of painting things carmine behind the scenes at the Star Theatre on last Saturday night. It is said that ever since the engagement at the Star Mr. Dimpfel has made himself conspicuous about the house, and he has been denied admittance at the stage door. These rebuffs ruffled his temper, and on several occasions he has come near being subjected to police discipline in utterly disregarding the rules of a metropolitan theatre. On the evening in question it is alleged that Mr. Dimpfel presented himself at the stage door, and, on being refused admittance as usual, he threatened to mope up the sidewalk with the door keeper. After a struggle he managed to pass in as far as the stage. Here the burly form of Duncan B. Harrison loomed up and barred Mr. Dimpfel's further progress.

The latter took the star into his confidence and stated that he was going in to see his wife. Mr. Harrison immediately entered an emphatic protest against this, and during the interview he wrenched a large pistol out of Mr. Dimpfel's hand. The star confiscated the gun as a trophy of the encounter. The two men then clinched and struggled on the stage, when a happy thought struck Mr. Harrison—the tank. It was conveniently adjacent, and the idea was no sooner conceived than it was executed by Mr. Harrison, who hustled his man to the edge, and inconspicuously dumped him into the water. A splash, a loud yell, and a sprawling, dripping figure emerged from the tank, and reclined against some scenery on dry.

The curtain rang up, and Mr. Harrison went on as *The Paymaster* as cool and unperturbed as though nothing had disturbed his serenity. After Mr. Dimpfel's raiment had somewhat dried he was put in a cab and sent to his hotel.

Actors' Fund Jottings.

Sixteen of the attaches of the Broadway Theatre joined the Fund last week. During the month of August 10,825 professionals visited the Reading Room—an average of 400 per day.

The Seventh Annual Report has been issued and can be obtained at the offices of the Fund on application. It is more than usually interesting, and contains the speeches of President A. M. Palmer, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll and Dion Boucicault.

The committee appointed by President Palmer at the last annual meeting to audit the accounts of the Association have reported that, upon investigation, they found them correct, and add that in their judgment the funds have been wisely expended. Messrs. Daniel Frohman, Horace McVicker and W. J. Fleming comprised the committee.

Files of the leading daily newspapers from the principal cities throughout the country have, by courtesy of the publishers, been placed upon the tables of the Fund Reading Room, which is now well supplied with literary matter of all kinds and seems to be highly appreciated by those professionals who avail themselves of its privileges.

At the last monthly meeting of the Board of Trustees, a life-size crayon portrait of President Palmer was presented to the Fund by Lawrence E. Hodges, of the Madison Square Theatre. Accompanying the portrait, which is an excellent one, was the following letter:

Board of Trustees, Actors' Fund of America.
Gentlemen:—I respectfully request that you will place my likeness accompanying portrait of our honored President.

Expressing the hope that, when the Actors' Fund has

become established in a home of its own, portraits of all the useful and devoted men who, as masters of the noblest dramatic association the world has ever known, have so faithfully served the profession and so successfully furthered the cause of sweet charity, may be added to your gallery, to serve in days to come as constant reminders of the debt of gratitude the profession at large owes to these pioneers in the cause of organized charity. I remain, Yours very truly, LAWRENCE E. HODGES.

The New Theodora.

Few attractions start on the road this season with more well-directed preparation than Walter Standish's production of *Theodora*, the Lion Queen. For months Mr. Standish has been making preparations quietly until, at the present moment, he can boast of more elaborate and costly paraphernalia, elegant printing, beautiful scenery, rich costumes and other accoutrements necessary for a long season with a fine play than are possessed by half a score of more pretentious organizations.

"I have just bought from George H. Gillette," he said to a *Mikrok* representative on Tuesday, "the entire wardrobe, costumes and scenery of *Theodora* that were used at the Porte St. Martin, Paris. I have also secured the sole rights to produce Sardou's play in America and Canada. For these rights and accessories of the play I have paid the sum of \$10,000."

"The play of *Theodora*, the Lion Queen, in which I shall open my season at New Haven, Conn. Oct. 22 is said to be even a stronger play than the *Theodora* of Sardou. I have written it myself, and have introduced several new characters—notably those of Zoro, a grasshopper, of Byzantium; Densu, the King's charioteer; a gladiator, Harpax, and a troupe of genuine Nauch dance."

"There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the performance of Indian dancing girls will be decidedly attractive. But I am depending neither on that nor on the introduction of the ten trained lions that have been sent to me from Denver, Col. These lions, by the way, are so well broken in that they can be let out of their cage on the stage and handled by *Theodora* with perfect safety. I know everything depends on the manner in which the play is presented, and in consequence I have engaged the strongest company it was possible to get together. Phosha McAllister, who plays the title role, is a hard-working, talented young lady who has more than once shown her talent in roles where great strength was required, and I expect much from her as *Theodora*."

"As for the manner in which *Theodora* will be advertised on the road I think I am safe in saying that it will not be surpassed by even the greatest attractions. The new printing I shall display consists of a twenty-four sheet pictorial stand in five colors giving the Emperor's box at the circus, and a twenty sheet pictorial in five colors showing the murder of Marcellus. Among the new lithographs is a full sheet, representing the head of the dead *Theodora* held by the hair in the hand of the executioner. To show you how the managers have taken hold of this attraction let me tell you that we are booked away up into March with not a week of open time between. We appear at the People's Theatre, Oct. 29 and at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Williamsburg, N. Y. 19."

One of the principal features of Mr. Standish's advertising is a strong painting by George W. Harlett, of this city, entitled, "The Murder of Marcellus." This picture, which is valued at \$3,000 will be framed in natural wood, brot d and burnished. The painting is six feet by four, and represents the scene in the Emperor's palace where *Theodora*, at the solicitation of Marcellus, murders him.

Manager Gardiner Will Settle.

The responsibility for the claims of the creditors of the late "big" Uncle Tom company seems to be fixed beyond question by a contract between C. R. Gardiner and W. W. Randall, which bears the date of March 22 last. In this agreement it is stipulated that Mr. Gardiner is responsible for all indebtedness of whatever nature incurred in the starting and maintenance of the enterprise up to the sum of \$30,000, and Mr. Randall is absolved from all financial responsibility whatever. The latter's interest in the affair consisted of a percentage of the net profit, if there were any, of which share a certain percentage was to be paid over to J. Charles Davis.

Charles Frohman had no connection whatever with the venture, said Mr. Randall yesterday.

Mr. Gardiner, who was the financial man, is good for all claims, and he will settle everything on his return to New York a couple of weeks hence. He is going to take the piece out again, with several of the old company. Evidently there is confidence felt in the outcome, for a number of first-class managers have notified me that they will hold the time booked for the attraction. It will begin anew at Philadelphia on Nov. 12."

The Stage Manager Was Acquitted.

On Saturday last Charles Fais, stage manager of the Carleton Opera company, who was accused by Louise Paulin of stealing \$1,750 from her, was acquitted of the crime. The story of the accusation has already been told in *The Mikrok* in the rental of Miss Paulin's complaint. On Wednesday last Kate Griffiths, of the Carleton Opera company, testified for the defense. When Miss Paulin fainting on the night in question she took the articles that dropped from her clothing and gave them to Miss Wisdom. Annie Gossin, a professional; Charles Semple, the gas engineer of the Chestnut Street Theatre; Edward Horan, an opera singer, and others also testified.

The defendant gave his testimony on Thursday. His account of the fainting and of the events subsequent to it was told in a straightforward manner. He had never opened either the purse or the bag from which the money was missing, but had returned them just as they were found in him as far as he knew. On Saturday after Clara Wilson, several members of the Carleton Opera company and others were examined. The District Attorney announced that new testimony of importance was to be submitted.

Charles Weeks, the property man of the Chestnut Street Theatre, then came forward and testified that he picked up the two missing notes—a \$1,000 bill and a \$500 bill in the

dressing-room the day after the affair. Of this money he handed over \$700.73 in order to make restitution as far as was in his power. After the usual arguments by the counsel, the Judge charged the jury on the different points, and after they were out for several hours a verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned. Fais, who is said to be out \$3,000 by the costs of the trial, will be given a benefit by the Carleton Opera company, in Philadelphia, to day (Thursday). Weeks will not be prosecuted, owing to the statute of limitations.

The Southern Situation.

Gus Pitou has cancelled the Southern dates of Robert Mantell and W. J. Scanlan. The latter was to have played seven weeks in the South and Texas, opening in Memphis Oct. 8, while Mr. Mantell was to have opened in the same city Oct. 15 and played for five weeks in the South. This time, now vacant, is being filled by Mr. Pitou in the West and North-west.

A. G. Thomas, manager of A Grass Widow company, has cancelled its Southern dates. The company will lay off for two weeks, beginning on Saturday, until other dates are secured.

The manager of the Twelve Temptations has decided not to play the cities of Memphis and New Orleans.

Minnie Maddern's company modified its routing in the South. From Lexington Ky. they went to Hot Springs, Ark. by way of Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Thomas W. Keene will not cancel his dates in the South. He is booked to play in Birmingham, Montgomery and Mobile, Ala., then New Orleans and Texas.

The following telegram was received by Klaw and Erlanger yesterday in answer to a message sent to David Bidwell to ascertain the exact extent of the damage done in New Orleans by the fever scare:

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 26, 1888.
Conditions never more favorable. There is not the slightest danger. The Avenue and Farante's the are open and doing good business. Tell agents to send their printing and come on. We have no panic. D. BIDWELL.

In speaking of this telegram to a *Mikrok* representative yesterday Marc Klaw said:

"The reason why a few dates have been cancelled up to the present time is based upon the press reports which have reached here announcing the vigorous quarantine maintained by foolish and panic-stricken little towns. These small cities, while unimportant in themselves, in some cases effectually prevent travel to and from larger cities. Some of them have adopted a silly quarantine against the entire country—North, East, South and West. However, I feel confident that companies having dates later than the next two weeks will find all embargoes removed. How the present scare and stoppage of trade will affect that territory for the Fall and Winter season remains to be seen. As every death generally reaches from ten to twenty-five mourners it is hardly probable that Jacksonville will be in a theatregoing mind for some time."

Our Memphis correspondent writes that Frank Gray, the manager of that city, believes that the first few companies booked with him will cancel their engagements.

According to our correspondent, general business at Charleston, S. C. has not been in the least affected by the fever fright.

Nashville has never had the yellow fever, our correspondent claims, and there are no quarantine restrictions between Nashville and Northern and Eastern cities. "We occupy the safest point in the South," are our correspondent's words.

A game of baseball was played between members of the Thatcher, Primrose and West Minstrels and a picked nine of Washington Post reporters at Washington last week, for the benefit of the fever sufferers. There was quite a large attendance. George Wilson's Minstrels played a game of baseball at Savannah Ga. on Tuesday, for the benefit of the fever fund. At Philadelphia yesterday the gross receipts of James Hyatt's company's matinee at the Standard were donated to the sufferers. A benefit concert was given at the Vendome, Nashville, Tenn., on the 19th inst. By mutual consent Messrs. George L. Harrison and Phil Lehnen will devote the gross receipts of the four performances of *In His Power* at Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 8 to 10, to the cause.

A benefit for the yellow fever sufferers was given last night at the Knickerbocker Conservatory in West Fourteenth Street.

Mynheer Jan's Prospects.

Ben Stern, business manager of the Carleton Opera company, is in the city, feeling jubilant over the success of Paulton and Jakobowski's *Mynheer Jan*, produced for the first time in this country in Philadelphia last week.

Our press notices were a consensus of commendation," said Mr. Stern to *The Mikrok* representative, as he threw down a batch of clippings, "and we are doing an enormous business there now, notwithstanding warm, muggy weather. The opening night was an ovation—nothing less, and I don't believe anything ever opened in the Quaker City that aroused such enthusiasm. Why, at the finale of the first act, the company received five encores."

All the credit for this reception is due to Mr. Carleton alone. No manager in this country can touch him in the mounting and costuming of an opera, and the public know and appreciate that fact. The costumes for *Mynheer Jan* are gorgeous. They are from Herman, of this city. As for the company we now have it is the best vocally and histrionically with which Mr. Carleton has ever surrounded himself.

"Next week we appear in Brooklyn at the Park Theatre playing *Mynheer Jan*, *Nanon* and *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*. The latter opera, and most probably *Nanon* will also be presented in this city when we come to the Grand Opera House a week later—Oct. 8. Mr. Carleton has secured the exclusive right for this country of *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*. I am about closing arrangements to open at a Broadway theatre next Spring for an indefinite period to present *Mynheer Jan*."

"Before I leave I want to tell you of the kind action of Messrs. W. T. Carleton, and Nixon and Zimmermann. They have arranged to give a special matinee performance of *Nanon*, which will be the only performance of the opera in Philadelphia this season. Thursday afternoon, the entire receipts to go to the

Fais, whose trial has cost him in the neighborhood of \$3,000. There will doubtless be a very large attendance."

Professional Doings.

—Helen Sedgwick is not yet engaged for next season.

—Carlos S. Aubyn goes with J. K. Emmet this season.

—There is open time at Bent's Opera House, Madison, N. Y.

—The Bijou Theatre at Youngstown, O., opens Nov. 12 and has choice dates to fill.

—Lehold's Opera Hall at Attica, Ohio, rents or pays on shares.

—Little Ada Bealy, the child actress, has been engaged for Sol Smith Russell's company.

—Richard Quilter, the dialect comedian, is on the road with his Royal Highness company.

—Madame Januskausk is reported to have done an excellent business on her Canadian tour.

—Adolph Adams and H. L. Thayer have been engaged for Palmont's star stock company.

—Morton's Opera House at Paducah, Ky., is in want of attractions for the Fall Jubilee, Oct. 15-16.

—Nettie Pettit, 'ace of the Scar crew' company, has joined C. R. Gardiner's He, She, Him and Her.

—Palmont's Star stock company will number eighteen people, including a uniformed band and orchestra.

—Amy Harvey goes with the Kimball Opera co. to play the King in *The Queen's Lace Handkerchief*.

—William Friend, who went over to England with Patti Rosa, is meeting with success as her comedian.

—Lavina Shannon will star this season as Lady Audley in John Brougham's *Mystery of Audley Court*.

—David R. Young, who was specially engaged for Snooker, is on tour with the Under the Gaslight company.

—Arrangements are completed for the Central Sub-Tropical Exposition which will be held in Ocala, Fla., this Winter.

—F. A. Locke has been engaged for comedy roles and Idella McDonnell for soubrettes with the Rose Lisle company.

—Theatrical companies of ten or more travelling upon one ticket by the Pennsylvania road now get the rate of two cents a mile.

—Edward N. Hoyt, who was with Louis James and Marie Wainwright for two years, is with Frederick Ward this season.

—Handsome lithographs and printing are being gotten ready by John A. Stevens for his new romantic drama *The Mask of Life*.

—Harry Braham, last season with Hoodman Blind, has signed with Mackaye and Miner to play *Citizen Potin* in Paul Kaurer.

—Arthur Percy is engaged for bisso roles with the Minstrel Opera company, which opened at Castskill on Monday night.

—The Lyceum Theatre company will pass through New York next Monday morning on their way from Chicago to Philadelphia.

—Joseph Palmer will probably go on the road with Neil Burgess' Widow Bredott, under the management of Harry Sanderson, after election.

—The Mignani Brothers' combination open their season at Waldman's Theatre in Newark on Oct. 30. T. H. Winnett is booking their time.

—Mathilde Muellerbach-Ostrander, who appears in grand concert, opera and oratorio, has applications for engagements at the Denver University, Denver, Col.

—E. H. Madigan, who was excursion agent for the Forepaugh Circus last Summer, has been engaged by J. K. Emmet to go in advance of his organization this season.

—James A. Herne's new play, *Drift in April*, is spoken of as a winner wherever it has been presented. Mr. Herne wants to fill the week of Oct. 23, which he has open.

—G. B. Russell and T. H. Winnett have opened a stock farm at Southport, Conn. G. W. Winnett and other managers will keep their horses there during the Winter.

—Tony Pastor has copyrighted the songs "Only a Private Soldier," by Marie LeBar, and "Pung-Pung-a-Ping-a-Pang Finger Pung," comic song by Harry Victor.

—Charles Williams, formerly manager of A. Pair of Kids and of the Grand Opera House, Chicago, has been engaged by Charles L. Andrews as advance agent for Michael Strogoff.

—The receipts of C. E. Verner's opening night at the Haymarket, Chicago, are stated to have been \$1,000. The star, play and company are also reported to have made a decided success.

—Adolph Corbett has copyrighted a comedy in three acts, entitled *Why Don't You Marry?* It is said to be an "all round" piece, full of clever ideas, bright comedy and droll situations.

—Master Kreisler, the violinist, who has been engaged by Mr. Stanton for a tour in this country, will make his debut in Antonio Seidl's first orchestra concert at Steinway Hall, Nov. 10.

—Booth and Barrett have written a letter commending the Warder Grand Opera House at Kansas City to their professional brethren. They say that no other theatre is to be found in the land.

—Will H. Mayo, the eccentric comedian, will go on tour as star in the new musical farce-comedy, *Is a Muddle*. Manager Sam M. Benson at 19 East Fourteenth Street is booking the time.

—In *Paradise*, by George H. Jessop, which John T. Raymond played for three or four years, has been secured by George T. Ulmer, who will take it out this season, opening the first week in October.

—Ulle Akerstrom's new emotional drama, *Gretchen*, was produced at Norwich, Conn., on last Saturday night and made a distinct hit. It is based on the incidents in Auerbach's novel, "Gretchen."

—Horace Dawson, a play pirate, whose stolen repertoire consisted of *The Silver King*, *John Whitecomb* and *The Gay Slave*, has closed his season, his company being out two weeks' salary by the operators.

—John H. W. Hyne wishes it known that he did not appear with *The Kickerdancer* at the Last Theatre last week, although his name was in the programme. His engagement with the company ended at New London on Sept. 15.

—Percy Marsh has become the manager of Harry Lindley. He proposes to pursue the retaining policy by putting our public in various parts of the country with a Canadian farce, in which Mr. Lindley will be the feature.

—One of the latest fads in lithograph printing is an album of "Costumes of All Nations," gotten up by one of the prominent cigarette manufacturers. Well-known professionals in the costumes of all ages and countries are displayed. Some of the portraits are fairly good.

—E. J. Swarr is hard at work rewriting the fourth act of the *Kaffir Diamond* and making other alterations designed to strengthen the play, which runs two weeks more at the Broadway Theatre. The company will then rest a couple of weeks in order to prepare for the tour.

—Kate Purcell will open her season on Nov. 5 in her sensational drama, *Queen of the Plains*, under the management of Harry M. Clark. Leonard Grever has written the play and a cascade of special effects will be a feature of the production. Miss Purcell will introduce her trained horse, "Fire-Bre," and a brace of trained hounds.

—Charles Host's downcast classic, *A White Blackbird*, a failure. One of the Boston papers says it is entirely lacking in merit and is regarded as a serious play there is but little to commend in it. The company, headed by Harry Crandall and William Carroll, is pronounced mediocre.

—Charles E. Cook, Maude Banks' manager, seems to have made a wise move in engaging E. J. Buckley as leading man. Thus far the two have proved a strong combination in the legitimate plays, and are likely to cut quite a figure before the season is over. *Yagomiar*, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Lean and Ropes*, and *Julet* are now being done, and two more pieces are in rehearsal.

—While the He, She, Him and Her company was on its way from Leavenworth to Atchison, Kansas, on the 21st inst., George H. Adams lost a valuable ring, in throwing something from the car window the ring slipped from his finger and landed in some weeds. It was prized very highly by Mr. Adams, not alone for its value, but for the fact that it was presented to him by Tony Denno, and was the first ring Mr. Adams ever wore. Several trackmen were sent to look for it, but without success.

—The new Opera House at Woonsocket, R. I., which has been erected since March at a cost of \$15,000, was formally opened last Thursday evening, the attraction being *Maude Banks in Yagomiar*. The structure is of brown stone and brick, four stories high, of R. M. architecture. The Opera House is on the ground floor and has a seating capacity of 1,200. The stage is 30 ft. wide, 10 ft. deep, and is raised 10 ft. from the floor. It is of cast-iron construction and is capable of being lowered 10 ft. into the basement. The stage is 30 ft. wide, 10 ft. deep, and is raised 10 ft. from the floor. It is of cast-iron construction and is capable of being lowered 10 ft. into the basement.

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THEODORA.

FANNY GILLETTE.

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

The undersigned having obtained through the Franco-American Agency for Dramatic Literature (Limited) the exclusive American and Canadian rights to M. Victorien Sardou's drama, THEODORA, and having heard that a version of Theodora (which is a patent infringement on the original) has been recently offered to a number of American managers, begs to notify the profession herewith that she has placed the care of her interests in the hands of her attorneys, Messrs. Rice and Higur, Mutual Life Building, New York, with instructions to prosecute very lavishly her rights to the fullest extent of the law. Communications in regard to the production of M. Sardou's Theodora can be addressed to Mr. Fred. A. Dubois, Manager, care Actors' Fund, New York. New York, Sept. 1, 1888.

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Comments of the N. Y. Press:

The World.

Her sleep-walking near the close of the third act was as good a bit of acting as has been seen on the stage in many a long day, and her denunciation of the murderer at the close of the play left little to be desired. Taken as a whole, May Wilkes' performance last evening was an emphatic success. She was recalled after every act.

The Tribune.

Miss Wilkes is a young actress of great promise, and has made a decided hit with the patrons of the theatre, the climax of the second act, bringing the signal for a shower of bouquets, many of which were torn by ladies from their corsets to throw upon the stage.

The Herald.

At the close of the third act there came a simultaneous shower of bouquets from all the boxes, falling about the handsome, statue-like figure of Miss Wilkes, who was repeatedly called before the curtain because of her strong and commendable rendition of the part.

Town Topics.

But Miss Wilkes is an artist who could sustain a much stronger play than Gwynne's Oath and honor a dramatic subtlety, under which the literary crudities of her role disappear. There are periods at which her touch converts the playwright's fustian into veritable brocade, and situations in which her beauty, grace and

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